

LEOPARD SPOTS *or*
GOD'S MASTERPIECE
WHICH?

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LEOPARD SPOTS or GOD'S MASTERPIECE WHICH?

*"Can the Ethiopian change his skin or
the leopard his spots?"—Jeremiah 13:23.*

Attempting the answer after 18 years of missionary service
among races of three colors, white, black and copper.

by ALMA E. DOERING
MALEMBE (Bantu name)

*Bethany deaconess in Chicago,
the frontier back wood, mining
districts and Indian reservations
of the Lake Superior region; mis-
sionary of the parent board of the
Congo Inland Mission since the
year 1900, among the Bafioti tribe
(lower Congo) West Central
Africa, the Agikuyu (Bantu)
British East Africa; deputating
for said Mission in America and
eight countries of Europe in be-
half of its new field in the Congo
Kasai district, 1000 miles inland
from the mouth of the Congo
River, inhabited by savage tribes
still unreached, and under appoint-
ment to visit that and other Afri-
can fields as soon as the circum-
stances are favorable thereto.*

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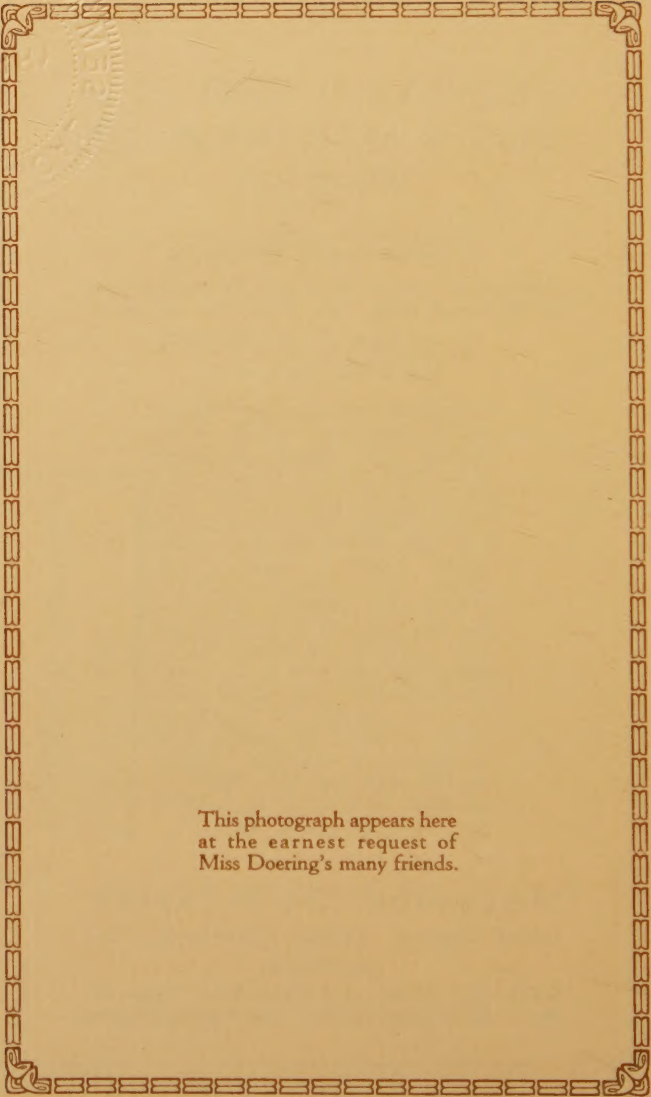
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This photograph appears here
at the earnest request of
Miss Doering's many friends.

To the Brave Pioneers

*"The legion that never was listed,
That carries no color or crest,
But split in a thousand detachments
Is breaking the road for the rest."*

* * *

To that noble band of unprovided for missionary recruits, who enlisted during the writer's labors in Europe; that invincible kind, who stand ready at any cost to pour out, not only every personal interest but their very lives in re-enforcing their worn out comrades or to fill the gaps of fallen missionary heroes, whose lives and glorious deeds they hope to relive.

* * *

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death."

* * *

*"Christ the Lord hath sent me
Through the midnight lands,
Mine the mighty ordination
Of the pierced hands."*

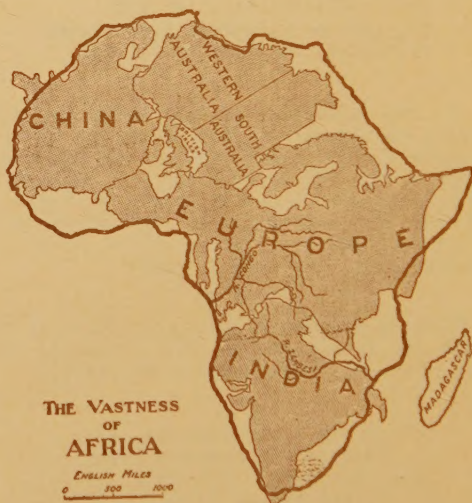
* * *

*"Long the blessed guide has led me
By the desert road.
Now I see the golden towers—
City of my God.
There amidst the love and glory
He is waiting yet.
On His hands a name is graven,
He can ne'er forget."*

* * *

*"You know the hopelessness of such a task
(as African Missions) TILL YOU FIND a
St. Paul or St. John. Their representatives
nowadays want so much per year and a contract."*

—General Gordon.



The Dark Continent

The vastness of Africa is vividly suggested by this map. India (1,574,450 sq. miles), China (1,300,000 sq. miles), Europe (3,700,000 sq. miles), Great Britain (122,500 sq. miles), and most of Australia (2,350,000 sq. miles) have all been laid (drawn to the same scale) on the face of Africa, and still there are many uncovered plots, equal to India in bulk. The total, 9,046,950 sq. miles against Africa's 12,000,000.

"The Land of Darkness"

The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.—Psalms 74, 20.

* * *

*"Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather;
Ah, me! this glory and this grief,
Agree not well together."*

* * *

*"Shrine of the Mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?"*

* * *

*"Wanting is what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
Where is the blot?"*

* * *

*"Oh, the generations old
Over whom no church-bell tolled,
Christless, lifting up blind eyes
To the silence of the skies!"*

* * *

*"Ah, the land of the rustling of wings, which
is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia."—Isaiah.*

* * *

*In that time (from beyond the rivers of
Ethiopia) shall a present be brought unto the
Lord of hosts of a people scattered and peeled,
a nation meted out and trodden under foot."
—Isaiah.*

* * *

*"Though ye have lien among the pots, ye
shall be as the wings of a dove covered with
silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.
ETHIOPIA SHALL SOON STRETCH OUT
HER HANDS UNTO GOD."—Ps. 68, 13, 31.*

THIS book is published in behalf of unprovided for missionary nurses and propagators, who are pouring out their lives in unselfish service for Christ in and for the uncared for districts of Central Africa. The proceeds of this book will be used in caring for such "who loved not their lives unto death" in helping to make "God's Master-piece" out of poor "leopard-spot" pagans.

ALMA E. DOERING

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Preface

Having been brought by the grace of God in touch with the missionary activities of the writer of this book, and having been inspired by her life and devotion to the cause of missions, I was led to wholly yield myself to Christ and his service. Having caught a vision of God's sacrifice for a lost world, and desiring to heed the command "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," I deem it a privilege to be a co-worker in sending forth this book telling of the wonderful work that God has wrought in behalf of the benighted people of the dark continent, who because of their color and native traits have been characterized by some as an inferior race, unworthy of the attempts that are made to better their condition.

Believing God's word that he hath made of one blood all nations, the conviction follows: that every race, white or black, are His children and may become by the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit "God's Masterpiece."

My prayer is that the message of the book may serve as a visualizing agency of the needs of Congo and Central Africa and be a means of inspiration to larger missionary activities in behalf of this neglected field.

Miss Doering has stated the purpose for which this book is published and the co-operation of friends interested in the distribution of the book is solicited; such may apply to the agencies below for terms for the United States and Canada. B. H.

EDWARD F. DOERING
12006 Ingomar Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE
3616 Prairie Ave.
Chicago, Ill.



OUR GREETING

Malembe!!

(Peace, Kindness, Gentleness, Tenderness.)

Let your gentleness	} Be Known Unto All Men
Let your moderation	
Let your sweet yieldedness	

(Three translations of Phil. 4:5.)

Mavimpi kwaku! Malembe! rings cheerily in your ears, in season and out of season, reminding you that you are in Bafiotiland. Mavimpi (health) and Malembe are the favorite greetings in Kifioti, exchanged between every stranger, friend, foe, small, great, rich or poor who may meet each other in the path, field, jungle, forest, market place or village.

To supplement the many unromantic and tedious reverses the probationer meets with during the first year in Congoland, such as fevers, language and climatic problems, isolation and sacrifice of the finer influences of Christian fellowship, interesting and often ludicrous stops and rests forestall undue depression. The newness of things always fascinates and so the prospect of being renamed sooner or later by the keen, observant, black child of nature, excites wholesome suspense. The issues may flatter, but they may also disappoint.

With the native there is everything in a name. Indeed names as an expression of character or outstanding circumstance at the time of birth, or shortly after,

form important parts of histories and biographies in Holy Writ. Tradition seems to have favored the native more than has the modern church, for through it, a few fragments of Judaism have been inoculated into his thought and customs.

When Stanley arrived at Matadi, the most inland seaport town of the Congo basin, the many rocks (di-tadi-rock, ma-tadi-rocks) made landing dangerous or difficult. So he had the rocks broken up and removed, thereby earning for himself his native title, Bula Matadi, the breaker of rocks. This name even perpetuated itself in all the Belgium government officials and employes who followed in the wake of Stanley's labors, who to this day are called Bula Matadi.

When a missionary, jaded by weakening fevers and bored by lazy untrained workmen, his only assistants in erecting the Mission buildings in the absence even of machinery or vehicles or beasts of burden of any kind, gave vent to his impatience in hasty angry word and tone, the natives felt that they had discovered the real man within and accordingly named him forever and for aye, Mbidi Nganzi, (much anger). Alas for missionaries who learn not the lesson of *victory over self* or at least the secret of *self control* (if self must live on) before they arrive in Africa.

When a young impulsive European, a typical freshman, attempted to make things move where his efficient seniors had long since learned the futility of forcing matters, stormed the forts, driving others on perforce, the natives detected a close affinity to the wild elements in him and named him Ntembo, Storm.

Because of her dark, loving, shiny and penetrating eyes, a lady missionary was christened Mabeta, (shiny eyes) and a bright and shining light she proved to be in very deed, while another who felt inclined to stroke the heads of poor homeless or benighted lads or to pat their cheeks has kept his name Siola (to pet or rub) for years.

Thus also the author came in for her share of rebuke or compliment as the case should be. Imagine her surprise to have been named Malembe! Certainly there must be some mistake about it, for the naming came so soon after her initiation into the work. How could she be anything else but tolerant when her Congo vocabulary was limited only to the most necessary working terms? Though her place in the kitchen, during the exasperating hot season of the tropics (a post which most beginners must fill until they acquire enough of the language to enable them to take charge of school, evangelistic or dispensary work) was rendered almost unbearable by the absence of cleanliness in her pupils; though repeatedly dishes would appear on the dinner table which were only washed in true cat fashion; though they could not understand the logic of rubbing soap into the washing, only to rinse it out again; though the work of teaching these primitive minds habits of cleanliness and industry, seemed of all problems the hardest, it was impossible to make them feel the inner jar on one's sensibilities, through the medium of speech, for abstract ideas are not easily expressed in a recently discovered language. But Malembe she was named

and Malembe she remained, inspiring her to pray that God might make His unworthy handmaiden worthy of the name.

How important its meaning is in our turbulent days, when the atmosphere is filled with hatred and strife! How loud the call for peace evangelists and peace makers.

Not in the capacity of a writer are these pages sent forth as messengers of love and peace, but as simple, unveneered Malembe, whose only apology for having come back to life again, just as her life was slipping the tether, is that her mission of peace has only just begun. Peace to the nations and peace to the denominations at strife with one another; peace to the heathen and peace to the weary seeker after rest. Not the peace which compromises with sin, but the peace which is born of that love which beareth long and is kind. May Malembe's modest book indeed be a messenger of peace in the many homes it shall visit and abide in. With this prayer it goes forth as the messenger and mouthpiece of one who invites co-operation in this great ministry of peace and to all the world, in and through every true church of our Lord.

May the peace of God which passeth all understanding fill our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Yours in peace and for peace,
Malembe.

The Adventures of a Missionary Patch Quilt

The fact is that the running of a tropical colony is, of all tests, the most searching as to the development of the nation that attempts it; to see helpless people and not to oppress them, to see great wealth and not to confiscate it, to have the absolute power and not to abuse it, to RAISE THE NATION INSTEAD OF SINKING YOURSELF, these are the supreme trial of a nation's spirit.—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

In Africa, the animalistic, self-indulgent white man approximates yet nearer the animal; the intellectually active, destitute of the stimulus of conversation and encounter with diverse opinion and nimble wits, becomes an intellectual fungoid.—Blackburn.

On one of her lecturing tours in behalf of the benighted and erstwhile downtrodden natives of the Congo Belge, the author of this little Missionary hand book was presented with a patch quilt, an artistic bit of mosaic made up of tiny diamond shaped scraps of calico, joined together so as to form one immense star. The bright colors were so blended as to remind one of a sunburst with its glorious diffusion of celestial color rays. The face value of the quilt might be summed up in a basket full of useless scraps; its intrinsic value, however, could be fixed only at the boundless rate of whole hearted sacrifice, for the hands which had patiently and deftly joined together these hundreds of scraps were crippled, distorted and minus several fingers. How they managed it is a mystery which only love can fathom. All unconscious of the great honor she was bestowing upon the happy re-

cipient of her gift, she offered it with an apology. In fact, she scarcely dared to offer it, but this being the only way she had of manifesting her interest in the cause she simply "did what she could" and we invite the reader to note the history of this bit of patchwork destined to become the counterpane on a missionary's bed in the wilds of Africa, and the great attraction of a missionary magic lantern slide.

After the many vicissitudes of the journey, from Chicago via New York, Naples, through the Red Sea, past the Abyssinian coast, across the Equator and then cramped together with other bedding at the bottom of a water tight tin trunk, so packed as not to weigh more than 60 pounds, all a native porter would carry several days on his back, shoulders or head, it at last found itself jolting along on the Uganda Railway for several hundred miles, to become a bright spot of the crude little mud house of the two lady missionaries. The rough mud walls; the absence of glass windows; the strips of coarse muslin stretched across the openings in the wall intended as windows, depriving us of both light and outlook into God's beautiful, wild, tropical treasures of nature and yet admitting the damp winds and the rain lashed against our walls with the fury of highland tempests; all this, added to the remoteness of civilization, the loneliness of the jungles, the wierd superstitions and suspicions of the natives to whom a white face still was an omen of fear and evil, combined to depress an uninitiated pioneer missionary. Happily our missionary was not a novice at pioneering. With delight she welcomed the prospect of the wear

and tear of ground breaking in a new field for the third time, for she had proven the all-sufficiency of *the One* who never faileth. Besides, her old creaky and humpy bed, a rather ancient affair, had been, through the kindness of a Ladies' Missionary Society, replaced by a comfortable iron one with the luxury of springs and a mattress added. For lack of chairs, packing cases were placed end to end, surplus bedding and clothing piled on it for want of wardrobes, shelves (for the mud walls were too frail to bear the weight of shelves) or drawers, which with an improvised covering was an apology for a couch. Other furniture, such as tables and cupboards were made of packing cases. Our ladies' tool chest was indeed a great boon and continually kept us thanking God for the one who presented it to us. We did not boast a ceiling. The primitive grass roof, with its long strands of grass hanging down over our heads and its family of lizards, small snakes, bugs, spiders, etc., which occasionally splashed down into someone's dinner just when the enjoyment of a hard earned meal was at its height or at night awakened the sleeper with a sudden fright, as the uncanny creeper proved to be a reality and not a dream, was later on hid from view by strips of cheap muslin stretched from wall to wall. But such a great improvement was not forthcoming until after the patch quilt had started out on its road to fame. The mud walls in drying had shrunk, leaving wide cracks in the walls through which the hot scorching sun sent greetings to its little competitor, our bright calico star. But the sun was not the only

intruder, for in the tropics, rays of sun at midday indulged in by unwary foreigners, have been the cause of many a malignant fever and perhaps of a number of white men's graves. The rain sending its sprays or streams, according to the violence of the wind, through both the walls and the roof, kept us wondering many a night how we would find a dry spot, while the task of keeping up an umbrella in bed was relieved of its monotony through the splash, splash, splash, of the rain in the tubs and pails distributed under defective places to forestall indoor floods. During one of these thunderstorms, on the West coast, our iron roof was torn away right over the room of a dear lady missionary with her tiny babe, necessitating a midnight flight into the sleeping rooms of the other missionaries which were spared such a calamity. As the white ants began their raids upon the mud house, gradually eating up the posts, it began to sink and lean to one side, causing great apertures especially under the window sills. The ever inquisitive and insatiable native had been almost impudent in his embarrassing questions as to the physiology of our bodies. Were we really white *all* over and were we made just as they? Their determination to find out even from modest evading missionaries at last was rewarded. One Saturday afternoon while enjoying a bath in a small wash tub, the unwary bather suddenly noticed that the large rent under the window sill was studded with big shiny, living diamonds, bent on first hand observations which were to satisfy the whole community for miles around as to the exact profile of the clothed

portions of the wonderful white lady. For the first time the shock divested us of all admiration for those bright shiny eyes focused so often before upon us in meetings, at school and in the villages. With one leap out of our liquid bliss we fled under the table, pulled the table cloth from its place to curtain the crouching form and called upon a co-worker to disperse our unwelcome admirers or to cover up the ugly gap. These happy children of nature at last had satisfied themselves as to our material resemblances and decided that after all we were people as they and not spirits come back to earth again. A bit more trying was the adventure of sleeping out in a native village and a native hut for the first time, in order to be able to start a Sunday School at which we were to install our first native teacher. We were assigned the place for the camp bed which otherwise the pigs occupied. Robbed of their rightful place, these saucy and insulted tenants insisted on lying close to the outer side of the wall against which stood our bed. It was only a grass wall, the frame work being made of the frail palm frond ribs, and as the bulky fat neighbors turned over a score of times during the night, each time emitting a grunt or two, accompanied by their peculiar odors, sleep fled away and the traces of day light through the cracks of the hut were never more welcome. But the people of the town had outwitted us. They had agreed to turn out in full force to behold the white woman in bed. For two hours they came and went, a continual stream of people, exploding with exclamations of surprise, fear, or wonder until at last,

Sunday School time fast approaching, our hostess could be persuaded to bar the ribbed, bamboo door to enable us to get up and dress. Why we should insist upon privacy for this procedure was a mystery to them, for it was in *that* occasion they had looked forward to participating.

In order that our reader may still better appreciate the adventures of our beautiful friend, the star counterpane, so humble and yet so greatly appreciated, we would not forget to mention the trials our mud walls occasioned. Every slam of the door by unthoughtful native helpers and children brought down a deluge of dry mud, covering our clean (self-laid) floor, our beds and tables with debris. At night we would invariably rub against these walls with our sleeves, or our bedding would show signs of close contact with mother earth in concentrated form. The room was too small to move the bed away from the wall. At last strips of Americano (a cheap American muslin imported as bartering goods) were tacked along the walls which reached up to several feet below where the would-be ceiling should have begun. These snowy white strips stood out in sharp contrast to the uncovered part of the walls and were daintily ornamented with the photos of friends, mottoes and other small but precious mementoes given us by kind friends, thus enabling us to turn even a mud hut into a "home sweet home". The only little spot which has any home touches, is the missionary's tiny room. It is the sanctuary in which the battles for precious souls are fought. The presence of Christ turns it into a palace.

It was amidst such surroundings that our modest star shone on, preaching to us something of the power and blessing of sacrifice. Only a combination of scraps; that is all our feeble efforts amount to, but manipulated and blended by the Hand of the Master, the scraps of loving deeds and prayers form a grand mosaic, a star meant to cheer many a heart.

Ere long the good news reached us that we were to be honored by a visit from Mr. Edward Marshall, Missionary Instructor of the Moody Institute. A white Visitor!! What an unusual occasion! How we wished for a comfortable room in which to entertain him! Great sorrow had met and overtaken him on his way to the Dark Continent. A cablegram had come informing him of reverses of a grave nature. The next day, his wife passed away and to complete the trinity of evil, just before reaching Africa, serious burns on the legs had made him helpless, so that his Missionary journeys in the trying jungles and forests had to be made in a hammock. His legs needed great care and much dressing. No pains were spared to make our little room, all we had to offer him, as comfortable as possible. The very crudeness of it, which we, for his sake, had regretted, was what most impressed the visitor, who had about been around the world visiting Mission stations in many climes. He pronounced it the most ideal, typical missionary den, he had seen, with its combination of stable crudeness above and the dainty touches of an American home made possible through the kindness of others. He insisted on taking a picture of it for his magic lantern lecture series. Again

our star surprised us, for on the photo it shone out in prominence holding the observer's attention at once to the bed, which it covered. Thus our star found its way on a magic lantern slide traveling from city to city, the picture being used as a type of Missionary dens. The story of the quilt which our distinguished visitor so admired was often repeated in the lectures, and to its owner's surprise, several letters were received from different attendants of these lectures from various cities, commenting on that star and the sacrifice it represented. In fact, others were inspired to merit the Master's verdict "she hath done what she could," gladly emulating in some other way the spirit of the one who had stitched at mere scraps to make a gift for her Lord through one of the least of His handmaidens. Two of our correspondents wrote to say that through the star quilt they had once more found out our whereabouts, for they had heard us tell of that sacrifice, and though in public neither the owner's nor the giver's names were mentioned, these friends seeking an interview with the lecturer, asked him if that were not Miss Doering's room. They had recognized the star and the star had guided them to a long lost friend. Thus the quilt which was born in a waste basket of scraps was exalted to a position of popularity and usefulness in more than one way.

And why then is this simple little incident to serve as an introduction to the following collection of apparently more important events? We answer, because of the analogy between it and this modest little book.

For several years we have been pressed by friends who have listened to Congo's need to commit to print our experiences as a missionary in the eight various tribes in Africa we have touched as well as in the frontier work in the great forest of the North, which, as far as adventure and faith discipline is concerned, proved to be the gymnasium for the jungle life. But we have never thus far found the time to write anything consecutive. Now we are confronted by a great need. God has deigned to bless the travels in America and Europe. A number of well prepared and Divinely called workers are ready to advance into the many tribes still without the Gospel in the immediate vicinity of our Mission. But funds are lacking. Simultaneously with a glorious spiritual movement among our young people at home, comes the news of a most unprecedented awakening of savage tribes on the field. And again a trinity of events presses us forward, for one who has been touched deeply by the story of Africa's need offers to buy several thousand copies of any kind of a collection we should make and insists that the proceeds go toward the support of a worker for whom the writer, though having no fixed income of her own, has assumed the bulk of the responsibility. All we could do now was to gather together the scraps on hand. By that we mean, to make a collection of articles we have written in past days for various papers. We scarcely dare to call them chapters for each one is a complete story by itself. We are all the more tempted to offer an apology for this collection inasmuch as each article, while written out of the

throes of a soul in travail for the lost, was penned in odd moments, on trains, in railway stations, on ship board, in an invalid's chair or on a bed of illness. Each paper is the appeal of an exceedingly busy woman and therefore we trust will meet a need of busy workers and friends who have time only for practical realities rather than for theories and philosophies which do not bear the stamp of actual, hard, plodding, and tried methods.

Claiming no recognition from a literary standpoint, it goes on its mission of mercy in the humble garb of the patch quilt, like our star, not to attract attention to itself but to the great cause which gave birth to each utterance therein. If Jesus tarries, this volume shall be but the forerunner of a later more complete work, to be issued either before or after the author's sojourn in the heart of Congoland.

The paper, "Leopard Spots or God's Masterpiece, Which?" is the hub of the whole. Every incident cited is meant to emphasize the hopefulness of Mission work in Africa. At least it can be proven that the sons of Ham in their primitive state are as receptive as the average native of other races. However, African Missions still suffer from the wound received in the house of their own friends. Like a tennis ball, the poor native has been pitched about between the rackets of sentimental methods of uninitiated foreigners who tried to force upon him unduly, education for which he was not ripe, petting and spoiling him with gifts or even pay for coming to classes and meetings on the one hand, and the cruel unkind rigor of those who

endeavor to make him the tool of their own commercial greed. To know how to keep him in his God appointed place, stimulating self confidence and habits of industry without terrorizing him; to lift him up to the highest plane of holy living without forcing upon him the evils and extravagances of civilization is indeed an art which will crown the whole with gratifying results, but which can be learned only in the school of hard earned experience at the feet of the Master.

The variety of material found in these pages is meant to inspire all classes, the Mission critic as well as the tender child, the Mission Band leader together with the silent hidden away intercessor; the busy mission worker and the one entrusted with this world's goods. We trust that Sunday School classes, Young Peoples' Societies, Mission Bands and Missionary candidates will derive help from its pages. The fact that through its earnings they are contributing toward the support of one or more Missionaries to Congo, may inspire some to give it a wide circulation.

All the articles are our own except a few interspersed in order to produce other witnesses to God's power in Africa. Contributions of other Missionaries will bear their names. Our own experiences are culled out of contact with eight tribes in East and West Africa, where we had ample opportunity to prove God's faithfulness in many dangers, sickness and deaths oft and in the school of faith for funds for our own sustenance as well as the support of a number of unprovided for Missionary candidates.

Committing this humble work and its readers to the grace of God, Who loves to bless every sacrifice made for the uplift of those who are trodden under foot and trusting that its wide-spread circulation may contribute to the speedy return of our Lord, who is the Founder of Missions to the heathen, we send it forth prayerfully on its world-wide mission of mercy, ever at the reader's and our Lord's service.

Alma E. Doering
(Malembe, our Bantu name)

Herrliberg, Switzerland, Nov. 4th, 1915.

International address, 12006 Ingomar Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Doting on quotations which give us a peep into other minds, riper in experience and larger in scope than our own, we revel in sharing some of them with our friends. But alas for the nomadic life of a missionary, our collection is held back in one of the belligerent countries, perhaps until the close of the war as the war censor will not take the time to assure himself of their non-combatant and neutral character. We have found some of them in the only one of our beloved books now with us, which had been forgotten and left behind in Switzerland on a Missionary tour two years ago. Therefore, we would acknowledge our gratitude to the author of "Thinking Black" the Rev. D. Crawford, for the quotations we have borrowed from his fine work, as we are unable to quote all the authors until our own budget of clippings shall have been restored to us. Close to the borders or warring nations we have heard the din of battle, but long ere this the sacrifice of many a dear association, reminds us of the many horrors of war.

Leopard Spots or God's Masterpiece Which?

*Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard
his spots? Jer. 13:23.*

Most of the inland inhabitants (of Britain) do not sow corn but live on milk and flesh, and are clad in skins. All the Britons, indeed, dye themselves with woad, which gives a bluish color, and thus are more alarming to look upon in battle. They wear their hair long, and have every part of their body shaved except their head and upper lip.—Caesar.

The Watcher.

My neighbor's grief is dark to me,
I gaze and dread, without;
And marvel how he lives to bear
The blackness and the doubt.
And yet, by all lost ways of grief
That I have had to plod,
I know how small a rift lets through
A little gleam of God.

—Josephine Preston Peabody.

A comparatively recent author has undertaken to publish a rival novel to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in which he attempts to prove the tenacity of Negro animal tendencies under the caption of "*Leopard Spots*" taken from the above passage of Scripture, which he quotes. The claim is made that a single drop of Negro blood, however far back it may be, will forever brand some unfortunate occasional individuals in the line of posterity with Negro traits, both as to character

and color, kinky hair and thick lip, long after the memory of any Negro ancestry has passed into oblivion. The book leaves the impression that the writer considers Negro reforms a failure and relegates the black race to the doom of endless thralldom. If a single drop of Negro blood will taint forever the purest of pedigree; if this proves the tenacity of Negro temperament, then it also proves the hopelessness of bettering the race.

In our extensive travels both in Europe, Asia and America, we have met similar objections to Missionary effort among the Negro races in Africa, people failing to distinguish between the Negro type, the Bantu and other types, representing not only great differences in language but also in intelligence. While our own experience is culled from among the Bantu tribes who inhabit the portion of Africa known as the Cameroons down to the Cape, the following facts, written by special request, apply to all of them.

In Africa, very costly experiments have been made to satisfy scientific and commercial ambition to produce animals of the jungle which could be utilized by colonists, such as effecting a combination of the horse and zebra, so as to get the tameness of the one and the hardiness of the other blended, especially where the horse cannot be acclimatized. Fortunes have been spent in countries upon which the Creator has lavished *all* the human family needs in floral and agricultural varieties, to get new and superior specimens, the object being to get the refining influences of the higher classes to bear upon the lower. What effort and

money has gone into preserving cat, dog, horse or even rat pedigrees. But when these same revolutionizing ambitions apply to the improvement of a part of the human family, created in the image of God, with *eternal* possibilities slumbering within, the work of reformation is decried as waste of time, money and life. The black man is then said to be as unchangeable as his skin or as the spots of a leopard. And this leopard spot passage is about the *only* Scripture clung to and applied to the exclusion of the others. But happily the Missionary problem is not one of mere outward reforms, skin deep, such as civilization without the Gospel can only achieve. God's Word deals with a change of heart, of nature, of character, for "out of the heart are the issues of life." While a study of native superstitions and cruelty may raise the question of hopelessness, it also invites the display of the Almighty resources at our command and causes His transforming grace to burst forth in full orb'd glory. "God's foolishness is wiser and His weakness stronger than men." The savage is God's opportunity, the Masterpiece of our common Creator, who delights in tackling impossibilities. He loves to choose the base things, yea the things which are not to bring to nought the things which are, 1 Cor. 1:25 and 28. When educational and reformatory measures have failed God steps in with His great work of regeneration and makes a new creature of him, who socially "was not" and fills him with such a fullness of Divine love that he eclipses his critics and brings to nought their boasted skill "which was." This has

the
savage
is God's
opportunity

Glorious!

happened in individuals and unless the superior races are ready to humble themselves we may yet witness such an awakening of the despised races as will put to shame the pride of their superiors.

And what reasons have we for racial or ancestral pride? Acts 17:26-30 leaves no room for boasting. He hath made of *one* blood *all* nations of men; He hath determined the bounds of their habitation: we (all) are the offspring of God. With God, there are no race differences. The word offspring in the Greek is Genos—"race." We all are the "race" of God with reference to His *creation* work (Gen. 1:26-27), no mention of fatherhood or sonship being made, which are relationships based on faith and the new birth. Compare John 1:12, 13; Gal. 3:26; 4:17; John 5:1. This gives *all* races by natural birth an equal claim to the same pedigree. Isaiah 45:9-10.

But the best of ancestral advantages naturally, cannot change the fact of our thralldom to self and sin. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Hence all belong to a *condemned* race whose humiliating history we have recorded in Sacred Writ. See Romans 1:18-2:16 which excludes *all* boasting or family pride. In Adam the natural head of the race (Compare the interesting difference made as to Adam the son of God, but Seth the son of Adam, Gen. 5:1 and 3 with Luke 3:38) we have fallen, but Christ the Head of the new creation, our second Adam, introduces a new order of progeny. Rom. 5:17-18 and 1 Cor. 15:21-22. The first Adam was *made* a living soul, the last Adam was a *life giving* spirit; the first man

was of the earth, earthy, and the Second Man is the Lord from heaven; in Adam all die; in Christ all will be made alive; the Adamic creation in spite of culture remains flesh, with all its selfishness and pride while the new creation is spirit (John 3:6). For a contrast of the manifestations of "flesh" and "Spirit" see Galatians 5:17-23. Those who are in the flesh *cannot* please God; Rom. 8:5-8. The only way to get out from under the old creation which is ours by natural birth is to meet God's simple conditions for passing from one to the other. Nor will patching up or reforming the old do. This is where the failures of Missions come in, who try to substitute the miraculous New Birth which completely transforms the wildest savage or the most hopeless drunkard, with methods of reforming, catechising, civilizing, angelizing or educating the slave of sin and ignorance. All these are great helps and not to be discarded by any means, but they must never be depended on as a means of producing the Christ-like character which Missionary effort should produce if carried on in the power of the Holy Spirit. Christ speaks in no ambiguous terms on this subject. The thoughtful reader is urged to compare and ponder carefully the following references. John 3:18, 19 and 36; Matt. 9:16-17 with 2 Peter 1:4. It is regenerative power which the Missionary must live out and preach and if he cannot do it, he is of all men the last one who should dare to allow any Missionary board to spend the sacred money given to God on his support. And the lowest type of humanity may enter this new Creation and thus rise

to the prestige of a Son of God, with the Divine nature implanted.

However, we must not confuse this transfer into the new Creation which takes place in the twinkling of an eye, as soon as faith appropriates it, with the nurture and development of that new life which in embryo is as weak as the new born babe. This is a question of time and teaching properly applied and exemplified in the life of the Missionary. Our last passage elucidates that thought. Peter says that *after* having been made partaker of the Divine nature, "give all diligence to *add* to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, etc." How can the new born native add knowledge if the Missionaries do not dwell among them in order to impart that knowledge, a long process in lands where there is *no written* language and where therefore Mission schools are an indispensable accessory to the progress of the young Christians? This is the thought in the Great Missionary Command which is three fold; go, teach, baptize. Note the baptizing comes after the teaching, a thought which applies to pagan lands, as very often, as is the case in the present revival at our new Mission Station Kalamba, souls are convicted of the sinfulness of heathendom, before they have fully grasped what the Christian walk demands. They are forgiven and accepted into the Kingdom of God, but because of the little teaching they have had may go on living in some sin, until their teachers or their own studies in the Bible reveal to them their transgression. Suffer an example. At one of our pioneer stations, a woman was in disgrace

and looked upon as a dangerous witch, if after a year or two after marriage, she remained childless. Our first convert had proven himself to be a most genuine type of conversion, and was very studious and helpful. One day he came to tell us that he was sending away his wife, pressed by his relatives, who threatened to confiscate all his belongings, if he refused to dispose of a barren woman, young as she was. He had been taught that he must not have two wives as a Christian, but the teachings of the Bible on the divorce question were absolutely unknown to him. When shown out of the Word how sinful such a course would be, he cheerfully faced the fiercest persecution and kept his wife whom the witch doctors had placed under a curse. We were deeply touched as we saw how he suffered. Soon after our daily Bible lesson led us into the story of Hannah's prayer for a child and God's gift of Samuel to her. This was a revelation to him. He asked if God would not do that same thing in our day? "Certainly", was our reply. We took up the prayer battle with him, and a year later, after the fetish men had exhausted all their charms and skill on his still heathen wife, God responded and the birth of a son was the means of turning several heathen women to faith in the living God. Another case. A fellow Missionary caught one of the lads shooting birds and game and leaving them wounded and suffering until they were ready to feast on them. She pointed out to the surprised lad that animals can feel pain and that God is interested in the sparrow and is grieved to see any of His creatures suffering. The boy repented

and promised never to do so again. Later the missionary came into the kitchen just in time to find the butt of a gun vanishing away in the cooking stove. The boy then confessed his temptation to shoot birds and to make sure of resistance thought it best to burn the gun which tempted him. Thus they go from light to light or "grow in grace" (not *into* it). The growth follows the birth.

It is the principle of growth *in* the new life which our critics over-looked. Indeed, they forget that history reveals the most terrible pagan superstitions and ignorance in our pagan ancestors, the Huns, the Anglo Saxons, the Britons, the Goths, the Vandals, etc., as late as only a few generations ago. We were centuries in the making, profiting by the inherent progressiveness, labors and study of former generations whose progress was no less gradual than the progress of pagan converts of our generation has proven to be. But is it right to expect of the down trodden Africans the same ethical results in a decade or two which were achieved by our ancestors only after generations had passed away? Booker T. Washington, a living specimen of Negro possibilities, a statesman and orator, said that it takes one hundred years to produce a man, the children of the converts to Christianity profiting by those pre and post natal influences which the savage-in-the-rough could never bequeath to his offspring, while the grand-children proved to be a stronger type and so on until full mental and moral maturity was reached. Thus the seed we are now sowing in these hard pioneer fields will reap rich harvest, after

the sower and plougher has passed on to his reward eternal. Had Paul been as disobedient to the heavenly vision as the church is to the Divine command, he would have gone East and North instead of West and the tables then would have been turned. Acts 16:14 records the conversion of the first European immediately after his obedience to God's plan.

Ethiopia, the birthplace of the black race, has a unique place all its own in Sacred Writ. The Gihon, Eden's second river, compassed the *whole* land of Ethiopia. Gihon means "great eruption of waters; valley of grace". Thus Ethiopia had its place in the plan of Divine grace from the very beginning. It has a tertiary meaning "fruitfulness". Note that Central Africa especially is a land of many rivers, so much so that one of its pioneer Missionary travelers felt certain that Isaiah 18:2 and 7 applied to the Congo regions, as the description of a people scattered, peeled, meted out and trodden down likewise finds a most literal fulfillment in the Congo tribes. This "peeled" people, actually peeled of their rightful natural resources by civilized money lust shall some day be a *present* unto the Lord. God sees Ethiopia stretching out her hands unto Him and producing *princes* as His. See Psalm 68:31. Phrophecy sees in great eruptions of waters from His Throne types of the Holy Spirit (Ezek. 47:8, 9; Zech. 14:8; John 7:37-38) flooding the land and spiritually turning the despised Africa into a "valley of grace" and "fruitfulness" to their superior fellowmen, now so engaged in bitter warfare as to disgrace themselves in the eyes of

the benighted races. These prophecies point to the last days as Isaiah 18:7 shows. It is in these our times, the last times that a present of a trodden down people is to be brought to God. Can it be that this is to be the grand end of all our sacrifices for Africa? Revivals there in recent years give us every hope of great things ahead. The last shall be first! Why should this Divine order not apply to nations as well as to individuals?

And note the earnest of all this already in hand! A single seeking Ethiopian meant enough to God to make it worth while to take Philip away from a great revival just to show the seeker the way to life. Acts 8:5 and 27. The first foreign Missionary was thus taken out of his "Samaria" to minister to a representative of the black race!! Was this the blessing of Divine retribution which never overlooks a kindly act, rewarding that noble deliverance of the Prophet Jeremiah by an Ethiopian? Who can deny it? See Jer. 38:7-13. Or was it God's answer to the service of Simon of Cyrene who bore the Savior's Cross. Cyrene is in North Africa. Rufus, his son, is thought to be the same Rufus mentioned in Romans 16:13. **Compare Mark 15:21.**

Note the noble traits in these sons of Ethiopia. The first is a deliverer of God's servant in sharp contrast to the attitude of the church which has been standing by, looking upon its neighbor who had fallen among the thieves of European and Asiatic rubber and gin traders, stripping poor Africa of its manhood and wealth. Is this the church's answer to an Ethio-

pian's kindness to one of God's prophets? Or did God mean the sons of Africa to go on bearing the Cross forever? Not the cross of the Christ, but the cross made by modern civilized superior races has been crushing the race, which has yet to find its rival in the endurance of wrongs. Other pagans would have risen up in bloody revolt long ago. Livingstone called the slave trade the "open sore of the world" but what term shall we give that commercial oppression which forced the worthless rum upon the unwary natives in payment for the riches of the land, until whole districts became depopulated, the natives not knowing its deadly effect, and until native chiefs sent deputations to Europe pleading for a stop to such importations? Or what heavier cross could a pleasure and money loving people have laid upon the poor native than the one which robbed him of 10,000,000 of his fellow sufferers in 20 years, making annually 10,000 lives offered to the modern Moloch of European rubber greed? Ah those mutilated children, with hands and feet cut off by order of white men! are they the answer of our boasted civilization to the service a dusky skinned servant rendered the great Emancipator of mankind, when he bore the cross we ought to have borne? Or what shall we say of the introduction of vice into Africa by the white man, making Missionary work an almost hopeless problem wherever the white man settles down, in contrast with the progress made where we have the raw native minus the influences of the "superior" racial lords? Do these facts not place us in debt to the native, endeavoring to make good

what we ourselves have spoiled in the making of this people?

True, the native is a complicated problem. Only the one who loves him enough to take the trouble to understand him, can help him. But a knowledge of his nature can only be had through a good command of the language which most commercial and State men never take the time to acquire. He associates only with the natives in terms of business and authority and his vocabulary is as limited as is his friendship with the tool of his gains. Thus the foreigner fails to make himself understood. Witness one officiating at the funeral of an officer. The native soldiers respond to the command "forward march!" With equal precision they obey the next command which orders them to step back from the bier after having halted at its side. Thrice over they are ordered to advance and thrice the order comes to fall back again. No progress is made in bearing away the dead, and the officer is white with rage. How dare they retreat from the coffin every time he commanded them to take it away? A Missionary present, noticing the embarrassment whispered to the French officer to suspend the military arrest of the soldiers until he repeated his orders once more, using the word "ka-tu-la," for all the while he had been saying "ka-tu-ka" which means to retreat, to go away, instead of "ka-tu-la" to take away. And as soon as the officer revised his orders all went on smoothly. The soldiers were happy to escape punishment through the interference of the Missionary.

Cases like this could be multiplied but two more will suffice, one from *each* class of foreigner, showing that none are immune from using bewildering terms who do not master the language. Sad it is when misleading terms spoil a good sermon or lead to the dismissal of workmen or to their punishment, the supposed offender wondering whatever he is being punished for. We remember a Missionary mixing up pronouns in a sermon declaring that unless they turned to God, he, (the speaker) would inherit eternal death. Another lady worker called to her girl to bring her some "nlangu wa myoyo". The girl replied that this she could not do, and disobedience seemed to be her sin. Another worker was introduced to the scene when it was discovered that our new Missionary had been asking her girl to get her some "water of life" instead of what she really needed that moment very urgently, "nlangu wa mwoya" hot water. The writer once asked her boy to take off her head and was about to punish him for hesitating, when she discovered that she had mixed up her suffixes so badly as to convey that meaning to the native.

A colonist's wife of West Africa was telling us of the impudence of the native. We felt an investigation was in place, as she had just declared that she would not stoop so low as to learn the language of such a degraded people. But how could she speak of their impudence when she did not know at all what they were saying? She then told of having struck a lad violently on the cheek for his dullness and he calmly turned to her the other cheek, which made her so

irate that she had him flogged. Had she known what he said in explanation of his conduct she would not have punished him unjustly, though we do agree that often enough, they, like all people in the making, deserve firm measures. The boy had attended a service at the Mission station and there the most unheard of instructions of Christ about going the second mile or presenting the other cheek to the smiter was under discussion. This hot tempered lad made some good resolutions, so when his mistress struck him a blow on the right cheek, what else was there to do but offer the left also since the Bible says that is the way to do? His bewilderment over this contradiction between the Master's teaching and his punishment for it by a white woman upon whom he looked as a Christian defies description. That their dirty slovenly habits are trying, no one can deny, but if they were perfect beings, there would be no need of educating them.

Their ideas of love and home as well as the value of our effects are so hazy that misunderstandings easily arise. Just at the moment when we were hounded with a hoard of duties coming all at once; the dinner needing attention; our sick visitor, Mr. Marshall of the Moody School, needing to have his burned feet dressed; native patients crowding in; the dough rapidly rising and needing attention at once, we called our new boy, Kairo, to empty out our visitor's bath water and to tidy his room. In native fashion he poured the whole tub of water out on the floor, so tidy and clean, flooding the room and causing us additional labor. Those are daily incidents. The native loves

because something tastes good. Unselfish love is not known. So when we began to tell them in glowing terms how much God loved them, they would run away, making the new Missionary wonder if returned Missionaries had not colored their need of God's love a bit in their addresses, at home. But soon we discovered that our message conveyed to them the idea that God wanted to "eat" them for what other motive could there be for His love but some personal pleasure at their expense? We needed to *live out* love to them before they could grasp Divine Love as their word "tonda", to love, meant "to love in order to eat". This is not to be wondered at when we remember that these up country tribes, who have never seen a white man or even seen proofs of love from the ungodly foreigner, have never heard of lands outside their own, except the mysterious spirit world from whence the white man must have returned, the embodiment of the spirits of their deceased relatives. This fills them with awe at first sight of the foreigner, especially if he demonstrates any mechanical things such as machines, musical instruments, clocks, etc., the sound or movement of which suggests to them the presence of something alive within which produces the motion or sound. Thus a noisy, listless crowd was rapidly brought to order by suddenly setting one's alarm clock so that it would go off at the moment when attention was desired. This terrorized them into mute silence.

We sum up briefly the sad loss of life to which pagan Africa has been submitting as unwilling slaves of the following evils:

1. The awful slave trade carnage, wrecking lives, homes, families and the faith in the foreigner's motives and methods.

2. The enforced rum trade which claimed its share of human life.

3. The Belgian atrocities claiming annually for 20 years, one half million lives, the mutilated children and burnt villages not included. All this then is the contribution of so called superior people toward Africa's emancipation out of her "leopard spot degradation." He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.

4. The victims claimed by their own superstitions are stupendous in number and character. Witchcraft alone, demanding revenge for every natural death which occurs, is said to mow down heartlessly 10,000 lives *each* day, an aggregate of 4,000,000 a year, according to official statistics issued ten years ago. To locate the witch who "ate" the soul of the deceased, one must prove innocency by drinking poison, or plunging an arm into boiling water, or being tied to an ant hill, a helpless prey to the stinging ants, etc., the proof lying in his ability to survive the ordeal, which seldom happens. Add to this the awful fear of death in some tribes, which hounds them into carrying their sick into the wild beast infested forests or jungle, to prevent the soul departing in the village where it would thus wander about and contaminate the whole community. Many die from exposure instead of from the disease they had, as the Mission's work

of rescue proves, provided the ravenous beasts do not find them before death sets in.

5. Mortality of babes, whose mothers have no milk, the absence of cows making artificial feeding an impossibility. For this reason we have witnessed the burial of babes alive with the dead mother, or have known of nursing babes being left in the jungle with a sick mother, out of fear that it may have imbibed the evil disease spirit through the milk of the mother. Such conditions give our nurses unusual opportunities of saving babies.

6. Their ignorance of sanitary and hygienic principles, of hospitals, care of the aged and sick. The sleeping sickness alone has reaped its harvest of lives with alarming rapidity.

Here then, all told, you have an annual unnecessary sacrifice of life which defies the toll of death on our European battle fields in number and brutality. If millions are being spent to stop and prevent the carnage of *war*, why should not the carnage of paganism demand the same curative and preventive measures? Have the down-trodden neglected Congo tribes not the same claim upon the benevolence of a sympathetic world and church as have the poor Belgians, Poles and Serbs under the galling hand of military conquests? Though the former's oppression was perpetrated through commercial greed, has it not wrought as much havoc as political ambition? Or is ignorance, lack of educational advantages, books, a written language, or preventatives and cures for disease less a

menace in the black man than in the fairer races? If so, why then deride them for the degradation for which they know no cure, though their more favored fellow-men have enough of all to lavish it upon them if they would, in just payment for the fortunes they have ground out of the black family.

The curse of selfishness is reflexive. He who seeks his life shall certainly lose it. To withhold the refining influences of Christianity from pagan Africa deprives our home markets of the trade which the awakening of 90,000,000 nude (or partially so) unlettered and untrained masses would surely necessitate; for following in the wake of enlightenment comes the demand for school, hygienic, sanitary, industrial, improved agricultural and industrial supplies, as well as the need of importing cloth, blankets, and all other accessories necessary to clothe and equip 90,000,000 people for the reaching of their higher ideals. This new market would suffice to settle some of our home social problems, as it would supply enough extra work to provide employment for the armies of paupers in our large English and American cities. And now that the gold and diamond prospectors seem to have discovered a new El Dorado in the Kasai region, in what better way could the utilization of Africa's rich natural resources be made a blessing to the world than to have at their command a better class of native laborer? The only danger in awakening higher wants in the native lies in doing for him what he should be taught to do himself. Mentally he is in the childhood stage of his race's history and therefore must have strong

foreign leaders and instructors who know how to blend firmness with kindness. No advantage should be made attainable for him, for which he is not trained to labor with his own hands, paying as much as possible for his new privileges with what he has himself earned. Thus the *new wants* become the means of his establishing habits of industry which with the naturally indolent native is of paramount importance. Sentimentality in this respect has been the bane of success in many a Mission and lies at the bottom of much criticism which honest critics have made.

The nominal church likewise is reaping for her disobedience to Christ's great Missionary commission, a crop of errors coming over from the lands of Buddhism and Theosophy, which are making alarming strides in Christian countries. Had they been weeded out and replaced by Gospel seed, such a reaction could not have come to pass.

But likewise do the double-minded Christians who love the wealth with which they might emancipate their unfortunate fellowmen better than the present and eternal good of a down-trodden people, rob *themselves* of blessings far exceeding the passing value of their mammon. It is the *judge* of *all* the earth, who emphasizes the importance of "laying up treasure in heaven", in sharp contrast to gathering riches on earth. Matt. 6:19-33. But His commands are at once promises, which pledge *Him* to take care of our earthly needs as long as we take care of increasing our *heavenly* funds. He also gives us commentaries as to *how* to invest in the imperishable stock. *Charge them* that

are rich in this world—that they do good, that they be *rich in good works*, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, thereby laying up in store for *themselves* a good foundation against *the time to come*. Nor is the privilege of gathering future securities in heaven limited to the rich. See 2 Cor. 8:2-5 and 9-15, also 9:6-13. Some of the latter day signs being great wealth (Jas. 5:1-7, 1 Tim. 6:9-10), signs which mark apostasy and stamp men as ripe for judgment, when they shall be *lovers of themselves*, *covetous*, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, we understand how James can call the wisdom which is *earthy*, as coming from below. In contrast to this earthy wisdom is the wisdom which comes from above and *that is easy to be intreated*, *full of mercy* and good fruits. God's demands upon us are made for *our own good*, not excluding the incumbent duty of mobilizing largely life and money for the evangelization of the world. See Isa. 58:6-11, Prov. 11:24-25 and 13:7.

R. J. Burdette in the following poem illustrates the result of how various people use their money:

Selfishness.

I kept all my wealth—and I mourn for my loss,
For gold in a skeleton hand turns to dross;
Love, friendship and gratitude might I have bought,
But I kept all my wealth till it moldered to naught.

Pleasure.

I spent all my gold, I danced and I sang,
The palace I built with hilarity rang,
Plays, revels and frolics from even to dawn,
But I lie here with nothing—I spent it—it's gone!

Avarice.

I loaned my good money, at grasping per cent—
'Twas I who got all that you kept and you spent;
While I counted my millions, Death plundered me bare,
And this grave that I sleep in belongs to my heir.

Charity.

It was little I had, but I gave all my store
To those who had less, or who needed it more;
And I came with Death laughing, for here at the grave,
In riches unmeasured I found what I gave!

*But nobler motives than self preservation should spur on those who love His appearing, to lay down their lives for the emancipation of the captive races. Every delay makes our prayer for His speedy return a mockery. While the church is not called to *convert the world*, she is neither ready nor fit for translation, until she, like her Lord, has poured out her best talents in getting the Gospel to every tribe on the face of the earth. Acts 15:17 gives us God's program for this and the coming age. This is the age for the completion of the church (ecclesia—"the called out assembly") to be called out of the Gentiles before He returns to set up the tabernacle of David after which the residue of men and all the Gentiles might seek the Lord. Vs. 16-17, and Amos 9:12-15. But the calling out a people for his name must precede the calling up of the translation saints to meet the Lord. 1 Thess. 4:16, 17; 1 Cor. 15:51-53 and Matt. 24:39-42. The Lord's coming for His own precedes His return to build up His earthly kingdom, for He cometh with ten thousands of His saints. Jude 14. And as He returns to build up the Davidic Kingdom, that the*

residue of men might seek after *Him*, should we not welcome *His* Coming as the great hope of a universal turning unto the Lord. *That* will be the great harvest, but what most concerns us at present is the gathering out of the first fruits, called "a people for His name." Christ is called the first fruits. 1 Cor. 15:23. Note it is in the plural, and includes the whole sheaf, making many grains but one sheaf. And where are these first fruit souls to come from? Rev. 5:9-10 introduces us to a *small* number of redeemed gathered there *before* the opening of the seals, hence before the great tribulation times, and they come from *every* nation, kindred, people, tongue. We have the same detailed divisions made in Rev. 7:9-11, where, however, it has become a *great* multitude which has been gathered out of "all nations, kindreds, people and tongues." Rev. 14 clearly mentions the first-fruits as being redeemed from among *men*, regardless of race, and here again the first fruits are seen glorifying God, in their glorified state on Mount Zion, while the universal preaching of the everlasting Gospel follows. (V. 6.) Clearly then, there must be taken up first the first fruit company, before the *great* harvest and this company comes out of *every* people and tongue. This is clearly taught by Christ. What end does He refer to in Matt. 24:14 where He states that this Gospel of the Kingdom *must* be preached to all nations and then cometh the end? This whole chapter is His answer to the threefold question of the disciples, v. 3, the third of which refers not to the end of the world, which is a wrong translation, but to the "consum-

mation of the age" as the original has it, that age which Christ characterizes by wars, international conflicts, pestilences, famines, etc., in the discourse following and which answers minutely to our very own. Hence, *before* the *end* of this age, *every* nation, and as we have seen in Revelation, *every* people, kindred and tongue *must* have not only heard the Gospel, but also yielded a contribution to the first fruit company, as seed corns for the greater harvest to follow shortly after. He cannot refer to the end of the world, for that is described in quite different terms in Rev. 20:7-15. The shameful fact remains that there are still in Africa alone several hundred tribes, each speaking a different tongue, who have never had a ray of Gospel light. Clearly we can hasten the coming of Christ *most* effectually by hastening the "good news" to every remaining tribe and thus in turn hasten the universal triumph of His Word we are all longing for. Does it pay to withhold anything which might facilitate such a grand purpose?

"If I were told that Christ would come to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear us past all fear and sorrow,
Care and pain,
All the fight fought, and all the journey through;
What should I do?
"I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone,
But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and pray,
For one more day.

“And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, ‘Lord, within Thy keeping
How should I fear?
And, when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will.’
“I might not sleep, for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flashed o’er the sky,
I think that I could smile, could calmly say,
‘It is His day.’”

But the *most* weighty question to the one who loves *Him* above all is the one concerning Christ as Head of the Body which is the church, composed of members gathered out from among the Gentiles. This body *must* be complete before the union between head and body can take place. Christ cannot have a deformed body, even if the tiniest member were missing. Again, our great Magnet will not draw up the body to Himself until it is of the same material as Himself. Steel draws steel. A magnet will not draw stone or tin. The object to be picked up must have the same qualities as the magnet. Christ laid down *His* life that He might redeem *all* men and this fact is given as a reason for the laying down of our lives. Read 1 John 3:16, 17 and it will be seen that the laying down of life for the brethren who are in and are yet to come into the Body, is made *the test* of our *love to God*, He thus identifying *Himself* with our brother in need. And who can show us a part of the human race in greater need than the great Congo family, and their pagan

kin of other heathen lands? But *if* the church has been content to look upon these brethren in need, and still hug tightly her own comforts and wealth, excusing herself on the ground of "having enough to do at home" among Gospel hardened people who have every chance to embrace salvation if only they would, how can she be said to be ripe for translation while she is so *unlike* her Lord? Not until His passions and burdens and interests become our all absorbing thought, can we make any claims of being like Him.

We do not deny the "leopard spot" tendency of the native of Africa for it *is* there just as much as it was there in the Corinthians and Galatians over whose fluctuating character the Apostle groaned and wept, nor do we have *fewer* cases of backsliding among our heathen converts than is the case in our Christian lands. But over against the unlovable animal tendencies we have another great truth to throw into the balances. Satan's tenacious hold on the savage shows that he at least considers them good quality. The diamond is the hardest of all to polish and shape but after the toil it is also the most brilliant and costly. God delights in impossibilities; faith laughs at them and faith and prayer defies them, moving Omnipotence to remove them. Where sin did abound, grace did much more abound. The hopeless case proves the skill of the physician or the instructor more than the ordinary. The incurable, if cured becomes *The Masterpiece* of the physician which brings him more fame than a thousand easy cases could. So God loves to make a prince of the deceiver Jacob. It is His glory

to turn a persecuting Saul into an enthusiastic Paul. Thus it is with races as well as individuals. Does the lonely fever stricken missionary, deprived of home and civilization, glad for a hut to live in which would not be considered good enough for cattle in Christian lands, feel keenly the burden of difficulties confronting? Does she need to comfort her soul with the *promises* of the harvest, Ps. 126:5, 6, long before it is in sight? Has the poetry of actual Missionary work melted away into the grinding prosaical routine of laboring among a people who cannot understand her? Ah, it is the hardness of the task which whets her faith and steels her nerve, for well she knows that the crown of souls which is to be her rejoicing at *His coming*, must be forged in the fires of suffering. But it will come without fail. This she knows as she sees the *power* of God. 1 Thess. 2:19. And she did not wait and toil and bleed in vain. Behold the band of God's Masterpieces. Unbelief calls them leopard spots but triumphing faith sees in them the material upon which God displays His grace. And looking back upon the first years of toil and tears with a class of 40 nude, restless, savage lads, she *forgets* all about the pain, as she now, ten years later, sees no less than 15 or those erstwhile hopeless specimens, out in their own parishes preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to their fellowmen. How she was obliged to marvel at the submission of the raw natives, when a State officer appeared and ordered his soldiers to take possession of the peoples' huts without a word of notice, during which time they were utterly stripped of their whole supplies of

provisions, including their very small stock of chickens and pigs. And how these bewildered natives questioned, why all white people were not like the Missionary. Did they not all have the same God? With horror she witnessed an approaching uprising the next time a white officer made his appearance, which happily was quenched with little loss of life. Yet to-day even that sorrow has been turned to joy, as one witnesses those same selfish and comparatively poor natives, now Christians, offering several hundreds of francs, a fabulous sum for them, to send to the relief of the homeless Belgians, whose authorities were once their oppressors. Such is the power of God in *Belgian Congo*. Witness at another station, where twenty years ago, the cannibals approached their first missionaries with spears and deadly knives and yet to-day 200 of them are preaching Christ and His love, without drawing a penny of support from Christians lands, but supported wholly by the native Christians. And at Kalamba, the second station of the Congo Inland Mission, opened only two years ago, among a wild unlettered people, a revival is now in progress which at the time the last mail left had brought 72 natives to the foot of the Cross not only confessing but making good their past sins, among them the sister of the chief. This is not the place to multiply cases, but may God raise up bands of helpers to assist us in turning these hopeful, ripe, leopard spot people about us into God's Masterpiece.

A Standing Witness to Cruel Superstition In Dark Congo

When I was a boy in Gaul I beheld the Scots, a people living in Briton, eating human flesh; and although there were plenty of cattle and sheep at their disposal, yet they would prefer a ham of the herdsman or a slice of female breast.
—Jerome.

A friend of mine, a mission worker in the Lower Congo, related to me the gruesome history of a wood near Ngangila in the Belgian Congo, which is situated near the station where she works. One day she took a walk in the wood, accompanied by a young native. The lad drew the Missionary's attention to its weird character and said to her that it grew out of human skulls. As the Missionary expressed incredulity, the native related to her the following, apparently incredible and yet true, story.

Before the Missionaries had brought the Gospel there, the cruel custom prevailed of burying witches alive in an upright position so that only the head appeared above the ground. The women were accused of having evil spirits in them which had caused their husbands' death, and were therefore to be killed. So, buried up to the head in the earth, the latter was exposed all day to the burning sun. Nobody might dare to give a drink of water to any such poor creature tortured by thirst; anyone who did so was buried in the same way. In the evening, the poor victim's skull

was split open and seeds of the trees which now form this uncanny wood were dropped into it.

My friend made inquiries among the older native converts as to the real truth of the matter, and it was told her that every tree of the wood actually grew out of a human skull. Thus this wood is a silent witness to the horrible cruelties which Satan practised there before the light of the Gospel penetrated. Where the Love of Christ has come to stay, Satan's deeds of darkness must vanish away. That was the case there too. To the Lord be the glory!



A Little Nurse and Baby

Mukami Wa Mutiwanjico

For are ye not as the children of the Ethiopians unto Me, O children of Israel? saith the Lord.—Amos.

There rises today before my mind's eye a wonderful experience which I once went through as Missionary in Africa and which has become to me a lasting memorial to God's power and truth.

One of the first negroes to be converted at a neighboring Mission station was Mutiwanjico, who had at that time only one wife. With most of the tribes in Central Africa polygamy is the door which leads to wealth and esteem. Our Mutiwanjico was, unfortunately, weak in this respect, the prospect of money and power dazzled him, and in spite of our warnings he bought a second wife.

But "man proposes and God disposes!" The Lord will not suffer His children to stray along a sinful path. One morning his first wife was found dead, her body hanging from one of the rafters of the hut. No gikuyu will reenter a dwelling where death has been; either the house is burned down, or deserted. In the latter case the door is left open, hyenas soon slink in and fetch away the dead as their booty. The fear of death goes so far that their nearest and dearest are carried shortly before their last hour into the bush, where, still living, they fall a prey to the wild beasts. Mutiwanjico was now, humanly speaking, in no easy position. He rightly expected reproaches from the

Missionaries, but he did not wait for that, telling them that God Himself had spoken to him. He bore the consequences of his wrong-doing bravely, and thus showed how sincere his contrition was. He not only arranged for a proper burial, but himself helped to carry the dead body out of the hut.

It can well be imagined how incensed against him everybody in the village was. It was considered absolutely certain that he had drawn down a fearful curse upon himself, under which perhaps the whole village would have to suffer. The people took the part of the second wife, but her husband explained to her that he was determined henceforward to lead a Christian life. He left her free to return home, there to decide whether she would still continue to be his wife. The woman agreed to this, and went back to her parents' house. Meanwhile, the funeral took place, only the Missionaries and a few Christian boys taking part in it. The mother of one of them was furious and rushed screaming to free her son from the supposed curse of touching a corpse which she did by biting his arm sharply.

After a few days, the second wife came back again, and naturally the curse must now rest on her, and her marriage must remain childless. However, wonderful to relate, soon the joys of motherhood were to be hers. The people did not alter their opinion, and the old women excelled themselves in the most monstrous assertions as to what would now happen. The hatred of the village sorcerer, who was at the same time the doctor, made one dread all sorts of horrors. Oh!

what this young African mother had to bear defies description! And for us Missionaries it was a fierce combat between light and darkness. How gladly would we have stood by the young wife in her hour of need, but the superstition of the villagers debarred all outside help. Meanwhile, the anxious Wanjico seemed, at the last, quieted when we at least stayed with her in her lowly hut.

It was a Sunday evening. As there was service, only I could get away. Several noisy, dirty, only half-clad women helped in all sorts of useless ways. They spoke quite unconcernedly and openly before the young mother their prognostications. Would the curse cost the mother her life, or the child? Or would the child be born an idiot, or a cripple? The arrival of the world's little citizen, healthy and well-formed, put an end to all the talk. But the child did not make a sound! The scene which now followed beggars description. Empty tin vessels were beaten as loudly as possible, while one or other of the women would bend down, spit into the baby's ear and shout: "Scream! why don't you scream?" Then followed hard blows on the infant's back; but everything remained quiet. Again and again I offered my help, but was turned back by these howling women. I cannot put into words what went on in my inmost being. It was not only a fight for the young life, but a war between superstition and Christianity, between darkness and light, between the Devil and God. The issue meant either the extinction or the quickening of faith for many hearts. Oh! how I felt the presence of the

enemy's hosts, which would not let go of their prey. But at last the Lord acknowledged the prayer of faith. As the noise of the women grew less, little Mukami gave full play to her lungs in a way to satisfy any mother! Our waiting had been richly repaid—after 15 minutes of seeming lifelessness.

Mukami is now two years old, a splendidly healthy little girl, a living testimony to the power of the Lord. Oh, pray for her, that she may continue further during her whole life a memorial of the merciful Love of God! She little knows what a role she plays in one of the darkest places of the earth as well as in the books of Eternity. This life given us by God, caused the mother and others to embrace Christianity. It was a great triumph over the powers of darkness.

Nsona

The earth is a beehive; we all enter by the same door but live in different cells.—Bantu proverb.

Nsona was a girl of about 12 to 14 years of age, who attended our Mission school. We held school from 6 to 7 o'clock in the morning, because the girls are obliged to work out of doors in the fields all day long and most of them are slaves. In the evening, after their work in the fields, they have still to fetch water and collect wood, of which latter they often bring home a bundle weighing a hundredweight upon their backs. There often sits on the top of that a little sister or brother as well, and if they are mothers, frequently a baby. So we were obliged to have school early in the morning, as there was no other way of managing it.

Nsona, who attended as regularly as possible, became converted to the Saviour. After her conversion, she came to school one morning crying bitterly, and asked if there was any help for her? The day before, on returning home after a hard day's work they told her that she had been sold in the course of the day to an old man who already had four wives. She could not bear the man, but to make matters worse, she would now be in a far-off district where she could not attend any services or classes.

It was not only the girl who wept, but also a young native convert felt it deeply, because he loved Nsona and had been delighted to find a Christian girl

who would become his wife, which is extremely rare there. Through Christianity, however, he had become a poor man, since as a Christian he had now to give up those sinful things by means of which as a heathen he could have enriched himself. He worked on the Mission Station in order to earn enough to be able to attend the Mission School, where he was to acquire a certain amount of proficiency in reading and writing, and various kinds of work. It was therefore impossible for him to earn enough to buy Nsona, the girl he loved. He promised her owner, however, to pay the sum by instalments, if he could have Nsona, even if it should take years. But as the old man with the four wives offered the owner the full price, Nsona was handed over to him without being consulted, and was now obliged to go away into this frightful slavery. The worst of it was, that the girl had not attended school long enough to have learned to read and write, which made any hopes of corresponding with her impossible. Her new home was so far away from the Station, too, that she could not get at us in any way.

A year later, she managed to get away and to return to the Mission Station; but we did not know her again, she was so emaciated through trouble and unhappiness, our hearts bled to look at her. Shortly afterwards, she bore this man her first child and died, and the child had to be buried alive with her. These natives are so dreadfully superstitious, that they think an evil spirit has killed the mother; so the poor child must also die, because they believe that the evil spirit has been transmitted to it by the mother.

Matundu

When I was working in Kingoyi, in the Belgian Congo, a naked little native boy approached the Station one day. He wanted to see white people for once! But when I went towards him, he ran away.

Again he came into sight. I went up to him and offered him a red handkerchief, which he at once utilized as an apron. Gaining confidence, he told me that he had been sold away from his mother as a little fellow to a cruel master, who had made him work very hard and had treated him with cruelty. (The children there are punished in the following abominable manner:—red pepper is rubbed into their eyes, and they are then left to their fate. Matundu had had that experience already.) He told me that his present owner, who lived not far from our Station, was his second master. The first time he had come, he thought that we were evil spirits, and that is why he ran away. On his second visit to us, he heard the clock strike, and again thought it was spirits; but gradually he gained confidence, because we always treated him with Christian love.

When he came again one day, he was melancholy, and said to me, "Mama, I have been sold to another master, and have to go far away from here. Is there a Mission Station there, too?"

When I answered that there was not, he begged me to hide him somewhere in the house. I explained to him that that was impossible, because he had been sold.

He could, however, hide himself wherever he liked, in one of our buildings, but not tell me where, so that I should not know anything about it. This he accordingly did. So when his new owner came, we searched the house and the other buildings and could not find him.

Thus three days passed. At last the lad, about whom I was beginning to feel anxious, appeared. I looked for him in the house, calling his name, and following his voice when I heard it, I found him in his hiding-place. He had hidden himself in an unfinished room, where all kinds of building materials were heaped together, inside an opening which nobody would ever have thought of. The poor child looked dreadful, and was frightfully hungry; he had borne the fast in order to escape slavery,—at least for a time,—without the love of the Missionaries.

Meanwhile the owner had provided the purchaser with a substitute and Matundu was able to remain with the Mission until he fell ill of the terrible sleeping sickness and died rejoicing in his new found emancipation from slavery. The last day of his life, we noticed life ebbing away, but a little fear was in evidence on his part. We then told him that he was about to depart and would have a home with Christ where boys and girls are never sold. At the mention of this great hope, the departure from his friends the Missionaries was no longer dreaded and the next morning as we went to take him his breakfast, the smile on his still, cold face, testified to a joyful entrance into realms where boys and girls are not to live in fear of being sold away from those they love.

Scriptural Provocation

"Provoke one another unto love and good works."

How our African Christians can "provoke," in a real Scriptural way, the following interesting clipping from "Uganda Notes" shows. Before you read it, remember:—

1st. That these very people who are giving so liberally, were savages 35 years ago, their cruel chief, Mtesa, having murdered Bishop Hannington as well as many of the first converts of Alexander Mackay, taking delight in cutting off the ears of slaves for any light offence, and making soup of them.

2nd. That where this Cathedral, which is to replace the old one destroyed by fire last year, is to stand, was once the site where witches were burned, and slaves sold or flogged.

3rd. That the net earnings of the African is a mere shadow compared to the wages of a laborer in America. In many tribes \$1.00 a *month* is a fine rate of wages for a workman, and when he has reached the \$1.00 a *week* rate, he is indeed almost on the top round of his success. In Uganda the rate is higher, however. These facts make the following report all the more exemplary.

"A special meeting of the Baganda chiefs and leaders in Church work, was called together by Sir Apolo Kagwa at his residence on February 20th, to discuss the raising of further funds for the Cathedral building. Owing to the rapid rise in the wages of *workmen in Uganda*, a proof of increasing efficiency and the large increase in the prices of building materials, it seems probable that the total cost of the Cathedral will be at least double the original estimate of £20,000, or \$100,000. Such is the tentative figure submitted by the Contractor, and confirmed by the Architects here.

A most enthusiastic meeting was held, and the following decisions accepted by the 129 delegates present:

1. Chiefs promise 30% of their rents annually.
2. Interpreters and skilled workmen drawing good pay, to give 5% of their wages.
3. Unskilled workers to contribute 75 cents (1/- or 25 American cents) per annum.
4. Women to bring in 25 cents (4d. or 8 American cents) yearly.
5. Children 10 cents, until the Cathedral is finished.

We warmly congratulate the Baganda Christians on the earnest spirit of devotion thus shown, and trust that the support thus promised will enable the work to be carried forward to its desired completion as early as may be possible."

Now, let the reader figure up what might be done if all our Christian property and land owners, who correspond to the Chiefs mentioned, would give 30% of their rents, and all workmen and farm hands would give 5% of their wages, until we have taken in the land allotted to us in Congoland, and planted the necessary stations. Bear in mind, also, that this offering is for their mammoth Church building. Uganda now has 30,000 Christians. In '78 when Stanley arrived there, there was not one Christian. Now, they too have many native evangelists to support and many other expenses,—but this 30% is exclusively for the new Church, *over* and *above* what they give for other missionary causes. The Scriptural part under the law was 10%, or one-tenth, but the Uganda Chiefs are giving 3 times more under grace, than God demanded under the law.

Again, note that the *rich* are giving 30%, and demanding of the poor only 5%. In our country it is often turned around,—no, not often, but generally so. Picture the greatness of the work there, making a Cathedral seating several *thousand necessary*.

Tell It Not Among the Heathen

Selected from "Good News"

Tell it not among the Heathen, that the ship is on a reef;
It was freighted with Salvation, our 'Captain', Lord, and
Chief—

But the tide at length receded, and left it high and dry,
The tide of gold and silver, the gifts of low and high.
The eagles and the dollars, the nickels and the dimes,
Flowed off in other channels, from the hardness of the times.

Tell it not among the Heathen, that the train is off the track;
The oil all gone,—a heated box,—the signal come to slack;
The Foreign Board is side-tracked with its passengers and
freight,

Its messengers of mercy, though eager, all must wait.
The oil was once abundant, and the wheels went smoothly on,
But drop by drop it lessened, and now 'tis wholly gone.

Tell it not among the Heathen, tell it not among the Jews!
Tell it not among the Moslems, this melancholy news,
Lest sons of Gath deride us, and tell it to our shame
That Churches sworn to true and full allegiance to His Name
No longer do His bidding, no longer heed the cry
Of millions, who in sadness must now be left to die!

Tell it not among the Heathen, but tell it to your Lord.
Drop on your knees, ye Christians, and speak the truthful
word;

"We *thought* we gave our all to Thee, but now with breaking
heart,

We see that in the giving, *we had kept back a part.*
So with complete surrender, we give our all to Thee."
Then tell it to the Heathen, that the Church of Christ is free,
That the tide of love is rising to float the ship again,
That the oil of grace is flowing to start the stranded train,
That the rivulets of mercy are rising to a flood,
For a blessing to the nations, and the Glory of our God.

A Congo Hero

The proof of God's faithfulness in the face of death

*"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell."*

After two months of work at Londe, the headquarters and transport station of the Swedish Mission, situated on the Congo River near Matadi, we bade the last traces of civilization farewell, with faces turned toward the interior. The absence of railroads or beasts of burden calls for the employment of natives who transport our trunks on their backs. There are no inns on the way, so food and bedding must accompany the traveler. As the produce of the country is not such as to provide exclusively for the needs of the European, much must be imported from Europe or America. Flour, tea, rice, matches, oil, candles, milk, butter, and all dairy products, sugar, salt, and all spices with the exception of pepper, beef, all temperate zone fruits and some of our vegetables, as well as all articles of clothing, household effects, school supplies, dispensary equipments and all tools and farming implements must be imported from other lands. It is this that makes the living of a missionary so expensive, for by the time the transport from England to the heart of Africa is paid, duty and packing and handling added, the cost of each article mentioned jumps up to at least 100% more than otherwise. This

also makes the establishing of a transport station a necessity, for some one must receive the goods from the steamer and attend to their shipment up country, first by rail two days, then by boat on the Congo and Kasai rivers about 17 days and finally a caravan journey by means of native porters for from 5 to 10 days, whatever the destination may be. At the Londe Transport station there is also a printing press which was in charge of an efficient convert of the Mission and upon which the native school books, hymnals, and the native monthly magazine is printed. This besides the work among the natives from many various tribes who gather at this the terminus of the railroad as well as of the ocean steamers; the distributing of loads to caravans who come from stations outside of the sphere of the short railway; the constant entertaining of missionaries leaving and entering the country, keeps a small staff of missionaries as busy as the extremely hot and malarial climate will permit. We were glad for the privilege of spending two months in the power house of the Mission and yet with eagerness we turned our face toward the great interior of savagery toward a people still sitting in darkness. The real missionary is never content with ground gained, until there is no more room for conquest and as that day is still far off, with hundreds of tribes in Africa still without a single Gospel ray, there is no other alternative but to reach out to new ones unceasingly until Jesus comes.

On our way to the interior station, we passed a deserted Mission Station called Ngangila. It had been

one of the first stations established by the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Because of the awful rate at which the ranks of the Missionaries were thinned out in those days by the ravages of malaria and black water fevers, some stations needed to be turned over to native workers, often before the natives were quite ripe for such responsibilities. My traveling companion and senior Missionary had labored at this station and the hearty welcome accorded her by the natives was a never to be forgotten demonstration of how deep is the love of the native converts for their teachers especially after they have been bereaved of them. The head Evangelist Malanda, vacated his own corrugated house for us, which was one of the remains of better days. It was a great privilege to meet him, for we had heard Mrs. Stevenson (nee Miss Kohm) tell many an incident of God's power in the life of this man. Another person of great interest was the old ex-idol priest of the town, now a Christian, who once attempted to kill Malanda and the Missionaries. In very touching words, this grand old man told me of the great grace of God which stooped down to save him, a polygamist and a murderer!! Ah, who can fathom the value of such trophies as these? Who dare count the costs when all the while we have the glory of gathering out the jewels for our Saviour's crown from the darkest places of the world where lie hidden the most precious gems?

The Hero of this story is Malanda, the Evangelist, who received his promotion to higher service in 1913. We met him in the year 1901, twelve years before his

final ripening for the heavenly garner. How many of these gathered out jewels already await us yonder!! Somehow *they* were ready for the sickle so soon after the Master found them and we who pointed out the way for them to the eternal rest and joy have still to stand back. The first shall be last and the last first!!

The first converts as well as the first Missionaries in any field are always the objects of much suspicion. Believing as they do that all sickness is due to sorcery, every effort is made to cast out the demon who is said to be preying on the health and life of the patient. We have seen the hot iron method, the bleeding method, the starving, the lacerating and the shooting method, every kind being some kind of torture through which the disease demon would at last leave the body of its sick victim and then health would at once return. Twelve human skulls we hit upon in a single place, on a journey in East Africa, told of the horrors the Agikuyu participate in when they do not allow their sick to die a natural death in their huts, but carry them out to the hyena, jackal and leopard inhabited forests before death sets in for very fear of the evil spirit of the dying one. The many rescued victims of this cruel superstition who made an easy recovery when once the proper care was given them, speak for the urgency of Missions even from a mere humanitarian point of view.

Malanda's people believed that when the witch doctor failed to cure his patient, that some witch in the town was eating him. Upon his death, a great mass meeting was called. The fetish man had his own

wierd methods of finding who the witch was. If the patient happend to dream about someone, or had an enemy, that one was at once suspicioned. If not, then the laity depended upon the craft of the witch doctor to locate the witch. Each person attending such a mass meeting came howling and shouting "catch the witch" and the louder each one shouted the more he hoped to divert the suspicion from himself. None was sure of returning from that meeting alive. The witch found at last, he is taken to the forest where the bark of the poisonous Nkasa tree is ground to powder and mixed with water which the accused must drink in the presence of the whole assembly. The proof of his innocency lies in the non-effectiveness of the poisonous cup, for the poison is sure never to kill an innocent person. Naturally should the poison not do its deadly work the skill of the witch doctor would be called into question which would harm his lucrative business very much and so he sees to it that the person is never innocent, or in other words that the poisonous cup is sure to effect the victim to his hurt and to the credit of the doctor. The unfortunate witch is made to dance about a fire until the poison symptoms begin to appear when at once he is hissed and cursed and often burned or cut to pieces or even buried alive and the whole town is happy to have ridded the community of another evil member.

Malanda was quite a thorn in the eye of the witch doctors. Many began to resort to the Missionaries and to the Evangelist in their sicknesses instead of to the fetish man. It would be the most convenient way

to dispose of him to accuse him of witchcraft. Breathless, one day the crowds listened to the verdict of the doctor and still more appalled than usual did they hear the name Malanda, the white man's right arm, called out as the one guilty of eating the soul of the last victim of disease. Malanda, however, was *not* under obligations to accept this challenge. He was now responsible to God alone, and an appeal to the Belgian State Officers would have brought terrible punishment upon the path of the witch doctor and an indictment of murder. But Malanda's attention had been called to Mark 16:15 to 18. To the native who reads the Word of God with childlike simplicity, free from the contradictions of theology, the 17th and 18th verses constitute *part* of the great *Missionary* commission which was never yet recalled by our Lord. Why the church has separated these promises accompanying the commission would be difficult to say, were it not a fact that efforts have been made by a powerless people to trim down the Word of God to fit their impotence instead of justifying God and in deep humiliation, striving to meet the conditions which would bring the actual experience *up* to the standard set in the Word. Malanda felt that this was an opportunity given him to exalt the Promises of the Saviour. He meant what He said and said what He meant. He steps forward, holding in his hand the eternal promises of the *Almighty*, and standing four square on the promise "and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them;" the cup is drunk to the dregs. The crowd waiting for the deadly effects of the poison

is made to listen meantime to Malanda's testimony of God's power. He goes on speaking, the crowd waits nervously but in vain! Jehovah, the *I am* stood to *His* Word in behalf of the man who stood *on His Word*. Faith had won the day and our hero went forth rejoicing, his own faith strengthened and the crowds beholding the mighty works of *God* and marvelling at this glorious demonstration of Pentecostal power. That this was a great triumph for the whole work it is needless to say.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of thine enemies that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

The Making of a Sunday School by Congo Lads

He which soweth sparingly, shall also reap sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall also reap bountifully. 2 Cor. 11:7.

"If you don't take care the white man will catch you. He will put you underneath endless skins of cloth he dons, carry you off to the spirit world and turn you into a witch. Mind you now, be good." Such are the methods many a dusky mother adopts in order to frighten her child into obedience. Is it a wonder that upon the first or second appearance of the white Missionary in a town there is a general scramble among the young to escape the notice of the dreaded white "mundele" (the person in clothes)? And what lung exercise is engaged in should the frightened child happen to cross the path of the white phenomena! Human nature is alike the world over! Who is not reminded of the black scarecrow's parallel in civilized lands, terrorizing children with visions of the "black man," ghosts, Santa Claus, etc.? With the world there is after all no difference between "thinking black" and "thinking white."

The terror infused into young minds is best illustrated by one or two instances. A young mother strays into our bedroom, to ask for aid as she is ill. We naturally close the door after her entrance. Finding herself enclosed in four walls, she thinks she is

trapped and pleads for mercy for her tiny baby's sake awaiting its mother at home and then frantically, without giving us a chance to open the door tries to jump out of the window.

A twelve year old girl timidly approaches us. She has a very important request. She scarcely dares to utter it. She trembles as she tries to make us realize the importance of it. It is easily granted. All she wishes is to have a peep "into heaven" (mu zulu). She, of course, has in mind the white man's heaven. Where can that be? No place else but the attic of the white man's house with its wonderful transparency (referring to the glass windows never before seen, which later on were one of the novelties of the new Mission house) and its celestial ladder, (referring to the stair case, which at first they attempt to ascend and descend on all fours for safety's sake). Weird stories were current, bearing the authoritative seal of the idol priests (and they, if anyone, ought to know) that, since a house on top of a house, or a "village on top of a village" (their description of a two story house) was something extraordinarily phenomenal, the upper story must be the place where the white man hides away the spirits of the people he bewitches and "eats", for is there not enough room on the ground for him to live? Why should he aspire to higher regions, if there were not some mysterious work going on? Thus argues Mr. "Thinking-black." And where do the wonderful speaking boxes come from such as clocks which tick and phonographs which sing and laugh? Where cometh the spirit within which produces the sound?

Wherein lies the mystery of the mirror and its power to reproduce man's likeness or the agility of the sewing machine making stitches more deftly than live real fingers can? Where did the white man get this wisdom if not from the supernatural world, from whence he must hail? And did not rumors from the coast reach them long ere the white man appeared in their midst, that their forefathers living near the seashore actually saw two and three storied floating houses emerge from beneath the water? Seeing them first in the distance, over against the horizon their keen unspoiled eyes detected first the tops of the masts, then the deck and finally the hull until the whole floating village came in view, and, of course, since it *looked* as if the floating house emerged from the depths, the only logical explanation could be that the white man dwells underneath the surface of the sea, or perchance up in the clouds from whence, according to the upland native, who never saw his approach by water, he has fallen down, appearing as the resurrected spirit of some deceased relative of theirs. And thus, whenever a death occurs, the white man magically "eats" the soul of the deceased, hides him away in the top story, and puts him to work making all his wonderful tools, machinery, books, etc., for him. This in turn naturally puts Mr. White Man in debt to Mr. Black Man, since it is through the spirits of his own kith and kin that he manages to make all these things. This, apart from the native custom of begging and of friendship gifts, explains much of the annoying begging with which the native harasses the Missionary.

An old, snow white haired man, told the writer that it would be easy for her to buy him a wife or two, for rumor insists upon her trunks being full of gold and silver. Does not the white man wonderfully heal the sick, turn the jungle into a garden, make inanimate paper speak to people (the reference is to the art of printing, writing and reading) turn the very mud into solid rain and wind proof walls (referring to brick making), and finally even raises the dead (referring to resuscitating unconscious persons), and sews up the living (referring to dressing and sewing up wounds). These mighty works must justify the inference that he can command the increase of wealth at will and thus ought to be constantly distributing it to his more unfortunate fellowmen. Alas! instead, the innocent native suddenly awakens to the fact that the white man comes to rob him of the wealth of his own land, paying for the costly rubber, ivory and other products, worthless rum, good for nothing old guns or cheap red handkerchiefs. "Vanity of vanity, all is vanity!!" But before this awakening comes, before the raw native discovers the greedy propensities of his superior and "supernatural" rival, he stands in awe of him. Therefore Missions are always a greater success where the native has not yet come in contact with the trader or the State Official.

To come back to our little girl. She was unusually brave. Many a strong, herculean and armed man, shrank from crossing our threshold. The visions of ghosts and spirits unnerved him who knew nothing of nerves. But in the simplicity of pure girlhood, she

makes an attempt. Was she being bribed or goaded into this forward act? We did not know. One thing she insisted on was, that we should lead her up to the attic, the only approach to which was a shaky and unsafe ladder. Our questions coaxed from her the admission that she wanted to see her deceased uncle who is supposed to be occupying a very hidden corner of the attic. She must see how heaven looks and how he is faring. We led her up the shaky ladder which apart from all superstition was enough to strike fear into a brave heart. At last we crawled over the rough unfinished rafters, the attic not yet having been floored, and having become the depository for all kinds of old cases, trunks, etc., it was not a very delectable heaven which she found up there. How her large black eyes searched out every nook and crevice. "It is all a lie," she exclaimed. "He is not here. Oh, where can he be?" The delusion under which she had been made to labor so long having melted into thin air, it was easy for her to believe that all the tales of the idol priests were lies, and soon after she publicly announced her faith in Christ as her Saviour, renouncing all the terrible and sinful forms of heathendom.

At a new station, all these superstitions need to be broken down and the confidence of the people gained through many an act of love and sacrifice. It was always easiest to get the boys and young men to come to the station school. Girls, being bought and sold like cattle, are not at liberty to come without the permission of their owners. As a rule they are obliged to labor in the field all day long, while the lads are

left to themselves to idle away the time with their indolent elders. No one seems to care much what they are about. And so curiosity brings them to the new Mission camp. They lounge about. The Missionary needs help in getting houses built, fields planted, site cleared and roads to the woods and villages made. He offers these lads remuneration for their help, though he well knows what patience it will take to train them to labor with their hands which for a man is quite a shame. Their hands are small and tender. The hands of their sisters and mothers are large and horny from hard labor. Therefore the lads are the quickest to take up needlework, house and kitchen duties and many of them have been turned into good artisans. They are enrolled as workmen, however, only on condition that they devote three (more or less as each station manager decides) hours a day to school work, which at first with raw material is an arduous task for both the teacher and the pupil, but later on proves the worth-whileness of the task when these lads go out to open schools of their own in a desire to teach their fellowmen. The little they can earn just about pays for their food and clothing. They have little left, and therefore their chiefs and elders often cannot see the value of their prolonged stay with us. Nevertheless we have never yet worked at a station where we did not have more applicants for the Mission school than we had funds, house room and teachers for. Oh, how it rends one's heart to be obliged to send them away, when most Christian families at home could adopt such a lad into our Missionary family by

guaranteeing the small sum of \$20.00 (£4) annually for the support of a lad. And while he is being trained he helps to erect the Mission buildings, schools, dispensary, chapel, and dwelling houses for Missionaries, orphans and pupils.

We wondered why in a large and well established Mission there were no Sunday Schools. At our new pioneer station, the reason soon became quite obvious. The people were living in perpetual dread of the white man's motives. Our very acts of love were interpreted as a means of trapping and spiriting them away. And they were sure that we were most after the children. We would coax them to school and then they would forever be lost to the cause of paganism. Try as we would we could not get more than thirty children to Sunday School even though we went to the villages and tried to gather them there. The writer at the time had a splendid day school of about 40 lads, who began nude and savage and were slowly advancing toward higher ideals. Fifteen of these lads turned out to be evangelists and teachers. While in prayer, asking God to show us how to go about it to get a larger Sunday School attendance, the suggestion came, "mobilize the boys who have confessed Christ into a helpers band". This seemed to come straight from God, knowing as we did that when you win a boy for a cause, things are bound to go by leaps and bounds. Trusting God for wisdom, all the Christian lads were asked to remain after school and told how their aid was urgently needed. Ten volunteered to pledge their co-operation whatever it might be that Munde

would ask of them. Each boy was assigned a village as his own field. He could appoint helpers if he chose. His business was to visit his assigned village every Saturday afternoon; (the only afternoon in the week beside Sunday on which the boys were free for visiting their homes) in order to tell the people that the next day was Sunday, as they have no calendars and no way of knowing our divisions of time. Then, he was to tell them that he would call for the children of the village Sunday morning and guarantee that they would be brought back before noon safe and sound and "unspirited". This plan worked so well that already the first Sunday the attendance swelled to 50. The inspiration of success spread. More boys volunteered. Fridays a helpers prayer meeting was held with them. Another duty was added. Each Sunday the whole School was taught a Bible verse. As time was short, the lads would gather the children of their own district on Saturday afternoon and drill them in memorizing the verses of the past Sundays, so that the leader of the School had the joy of finding that the whole school knew their verses. When she left the station on her first furlough, the tiny tots could repeat rapidly no less than 30 Bible texts besides the Lord's Prayer. Some wondered how this could have been done. The lads did it. Thus the fire spread until our attendance came up to 100. Then we were obliged to stay the current, as our tiny school house was too small to hold more. The question of order was a very difficult one, as we had no white helper and our native Christians were themselves so much in need of

instruction that a Sunday School class could not be entrusted to them, but the helpers were delighted to be promoted to greater tasks still, when we arranged that each boy was to sit with the children he gathered in and be responsible for their attention and conduct. To my great surprise each boy appeared with a large switch the next Sunday. They meant business, but since they had never seen their teacher beat a disobedient pupil, it was an indication of what they were accustomed to getting in their villages. The lads could scarcely await the time when the large new chapel, with its real glass windows, better ventilation and good light was finished. That happy day came at last and not only their joy but their zeal was allowed to manifest itself unbridled. The lads made that dedication day a red letter day, for they brought in no less than 150 children and almost filled the new building. And what a sight!! They had gone out into villages which had never yet seen a white woman. Many of the girls and boys were frantic with fear as they were asked to sit on a bench, something they had not done before. These benches consisted of logs split in two, and the flat side, rough as it was, turned up. Two plugs stuck in at each end served as legs. The children preferred the ground to sit on, but as they soon discovered to their dismay that it was a brick floor, cold and hard, to which they were not accustomed, they became reconciled to the hard unsteady benches without backs. Almost every attendant had a baby brother or sister strapped to her or his back and as they came in with the bells on their ankles jingling, one wondered

how attention could ever be gained amid such a bedlam of voices and ornaments. A few songs sung by our day school boys and more accustomed Sunday School attendants soon quieted the wild ones. Then the leader said "Let us pray". To her utter amazement, there came in response a sort of a war whoop, a heathen spirit dance song was started and as we lifted up our eyes all were jumping, shouting, dancing and whirling about as best they could. Our Christian lads looked abashed. All the ringing of the bell and our shouting was not heard or noticed. Looking to God for help, we motioned to our lads to pray in concert the Lord's prayer even if we could not be heard. With bowed heads they began, though their voices were drowned in the awful din of savage fanaticism. Suddenly, before they had finished, every head in the room was bowed in reverence and perfect quiet had set in. The new pupils had simply obeyed the request "let us pray" after heathen fashion. Soon they too learned to pray in Spirit and in Truth and the Sunday School continued to prosper under the blessing of God and with the help of The Willing Congo Lads.

The Transformed Witch Doctor

"Not to the strong is the battle, not to the swift is the race."

*"And so they've voted the Devil out,
And of course the Devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know,
Who carries his business on?"*

Naangila Mission station was the scene of many fevers and deaths in the ranks of the Missionaries. "Except the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but *if it die* it bringeth forth much fruit." As we visited the graves of the Missionaries, most of them all grown over with grass; as we listened to the story of the first struggles of those brave pioneers who sleep beneath the sod, awaiting the sound of the first trump to arise and meet *Him* in the air; as we looked into the shining face of Malanda; drank in the story of the old bent, witch doctor, whose erstwhile profane lips were now sounding the praises of God; as we beheld how the work had not ceased even though the workers had fallen, we understood the secret of the power of the grain of wheat, springing up, after it has lost its own life, in the cold dark ground, to bear many other seed corns, who in turn, like the mother grain, must fall into the ground and die, if the harvesting is to go on and on until the last sheaf is gathered in. Oh, the glory of being a seed corn. Lord, ever let us perpetuate *Thy* death, that through our lives laid down, others might gain life!!

The little band of pioneers were fighting the ravages of the climate bravely. The fever stricken warrior was most concerned about his comrades, overworked through his own need of much care and the work he laid down, now so bravely taken up by the others. No nurse could be called in to help bear the extra burdens. One time an overworked Missionary was obliged under the press of many duties, to leave her comrade to the care of a native for a night. However, before the night was over she became uneasy and hastening to the sick room, found the fever ridden brother on the floor uncovered, exposed to wind and chills. The native wanted to make his bed more comfortable and not knowing how to get at it, simply lifted his patient out on the floor as gently as possible and forgot to provide against a chill which in that case would have cost him his life, but for the timely work of the Missionary Nurse. Her own temples were already throbbing with fever; her brow was ominously hot, but hold on she must, and first save the other life, before she can think of herself. How often, when weakened with a daily temperature of 100 Fahrenheit or more, we felt that we could keep up no longer, and hurrying to a co-worker to unburden ourselves, we were struck with the heat of her hand and the burning of her face and finding that her temperature was a bit higher, looking to God for grace and strength, added duties were assumed in caring for the stricken one besides the work which an hour before had seemed more than we could endure. Let those who seek admission to the fever stricken parts

of Africa for the romance of it beware, lest the disappointment prove to be more than the strength to bear it and the poetry of Missionary work become prosaic all too soon. The raw native can help nothing when it comes to the careful nursing of fever. Scarcely was our patient up, when the nurse succumbed and the nursing her back to activity again, in turn so taxed the others that they soon had their turn. Thus it seemed to that brave band of workers as if they were doing nothing else but nursing each other. "What are we here for anyhow?" one of them exclaimed in a moment of discouragement. Her loving heart longed to be out among the natives, telling out the love of Christ for a fallen world. How she sympathized with her busy sisters at home, who, bound to family cares and duties, are tempted to chafe because their sphere of influence is so sadly out of proportion to their longings to help and their opportunities for service so much behind their aspirations. Does it ever occur to the invalid, or the busy mother, or the weary bread earner, that your Missionary sisters on the field find themselves oftentimes as limited as you who stay at home are?

Our Missionary Nurse at last resolved, that if she could not find time for direct Missionary work with the natives, she would throw herself into whole hearted intercession for a mighty revival, *without* human instrumentality, since that was an impossibility. So she began to *pray*. Ere long a little rift in the cloud came. Sickness had begun to retreat, and a free afternoon found her visiting the chief in order to in-

duce him to send his son to the Mission school. The chief feared the occult influence of the white man upon his son. She, however, assured him that no evil would befall him, but that if he accepted God's "palaver" only good and blessing would follow in his path. He would become a better son and receive such training as would make him a better chief, should he live to inherit his father's place. At last the chief gave his consent and the lad was enrolled in the Mission school, to the great joy of our shut-in Missionaries and the consternation of the witch doctors who prophesied that all kinds of evils would follow in the wake of this step. The boy proved to be quite intelligent and filled his teachers with hope for his future as a Christian. All was going on beautifully when suddenly he fell ill and died. What could this mean? The fears of the people had just begun to be allayed; others were taking heart to send their sons also, but alas! the witch doctor was on hand to claim that his prophecy had been fulfilled and the death of the boy was the result of the curse the chief's disobedience brought on. The chief's rage knew no bounds. He must avenge the death of his son. The witch doctor was given orders to slay the first white missionary he could lay hands on. Lurking about the Mission house for his prey the first one to cross his path was the Evangelist, Malanda, against whom he had shown malign intentions before. Aiming to stab him in the heart, his knife struck the hymn book Malanda has in his inside coat pocket, and prevented a deadly wound. Before the slayer could renew his attack,

several of the Mission boys seized him and brought him bound to the Missionary, who informed him that it was in his power to deliver him over to the Belgian authorities as a murderer, but having been sent of God to bring life and not to take it, he would give him his liberty providing he would hand over his idols to the Missionary. This he hesitated to do for some time and having been caught in some sort of intrigue, too complicated to describe it as our eye witness related it, he was held a prisoner until he finally gave the secret of the whereabouts of his great idols from which the small fetishes and images of the people were supposed to derive their power. It was very striking that when he did yield, it was with an air of triumph. Some plot was brewing. Much wisdom from God must be sought. The time is announced for the burning of the idols brought in by his servants. The largest one was very curiously carved and crowned with a high hat, which the Missionary discovered to be removable just as he was to set fire to the heap. His curiosity aroused, he worked away at the headgear, until it came off, and behold! it was filled with gun powder. Herein lay the secret of the fetish man's triumph. The explosion would not only have endangered the lives of one or more Missionaries, but would have given him occasion to account for the impotence of the idols to save themselves, for, had they not heard how powerfully the spirit had departed with vengeance smiting the white man? But this exhibition of power never came, for the gunpowder was removed and the idols consumed by the

flames before a breathless crowd who had come to pillage the smitten Missionaries' homes after the great idol had done its work of destructive vengeance.

The impression upon the people was wonderfully permanent. They argued, that if the great idol was unable to save himself, how could he impart power to their images? He being dead who would now protect them? The result was that for a whole week, the Missionary is said to have been burning the fetishes and images of the people who renounced them, and the chapel, once too large became too small. The next Sunday the chief with several other chiefs and a number of witch doctors were at the services. Our old witch doctor, the subject of our story, the one who fain would have slain the Lord's servants, yielded his life to God and the whole work at the station suddenly received a greater impetus than is usually the case with all hands free to push the work in the villages. *Thus* God delights in manifesting His power through our limitations and shows us that after all, *prayer* is *the* mighty force which moves the hands of the Almighty, in the midst of the most despressing circumstances.

Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord. Zech. 4:6.

Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee. Isa. 49:24, 25.



A Congo Mother and Child

Kiadi (Sorrow)

*"The sun can mirror his glorious face
In the dewdrop on the sod;
And the humblest negro heart reflect
The life and love of God."*

"I am only Kiadi, only Kiadi; nobody cares for me since I'm only Kiadi" were the words wafted across the Mission compound to the kitchen, in a sing song wail of the little six year old waif, Kiadi. With hands clasped over her head (the native sign of grief) she ran around in a circle desperately repeating in monotone heart rending strains these words of utter distress. Sorrow was her name, in sorrow she was born, and in sorrow she was reared, and though sorrow ended her life, she came under the rejuvenating influence of Gospel sunshine just in time to penetrate this innate agony with rays of love and light. In her most hopeless condition the Sun of Righteousness with "healing under His wings" smiled upon her and the glow of His love turned her night into day just as she was about to slip into the land of eternal light.

She was but a type of thousands of her unfortunate sisters. A victim of the dreaded and incurable sleeping sickness, she had been cast out by her mother's people. Her mother apparently had been sold away from the child, as the new owner would not want to have his new wife encumbered with a sickly

child, much less pay a farthing for her. Her name betrayed the intuition of the mother at her birth, as the names of all children of her tribe do. The name of the child determines the mood of the mother at its birth or some unusual circumstance, which through its name is a way to identify the child with the sorrow or joy of the occasion which characterized its birth. We quote a few of the many names on our school roll. Waithaka (born in the bush or jungle). Wanjira (Gikuyu tribe) or Wanjika (Bafioti tribe) meaning, born in the path. Kiatezwa (the measured one) Kiazimbulwa (the lost one) Kiafundwa (the found one) all indicate that the mother was a slave and expected that her new born babe would, as soon as weaned, be sold or taken away from her perhaps to a far away tribe, to be separated forever. The mother of the last named boy, however, was more hopeful and expressed her feelings in the name she gave him.

If ever a child had been rightly named, it was Kiadi. The natives live in horror of disease and especially of such supposedly contagious diseases as sleeping sickness and certain malignant skin and blood maladies. In the interest of the whole community they expel such poor victims, committing them to the mercies of the forest, plain, jungle, or to a desert "bewitched" tumble down hut, isolated and dreaded, to the grave before death sets in or to the wild ravenous beasts of the primitive woods. The fact that with the stricken one, they are also casting out the tenacious disease demon, which, while eating the life of the patient is supposed to be seeking other victims,

justifies this cruel custom. Kiadi felt lonely and afraid in her jungle home and would wander from one village to another begging for food and shelter, only to meet with rebuffs, for who would dare to assist a demon possessed child? Who would want to endanger the health of the whole village through a single act of mercy? And would the good Samaritan not insure the risk of appearing to be in league with the demon whose victim he is sheltering, for how could one feed and shelter the patient without also extending the same favors to the demon within?

Heart sick and foot sore, emaciated and limping, Kiadi found her way to the "village" of the "mun-dele" (the man in clothes), a title given the foreigner. Her appearance defies description. The woolly matted hair; the claw-like toe and finger nails; the protruding bones all over her body, covered by wrinkled dried-up skin; the missing toes, eaten away by the jiggers; the ulcers with their offensive odors; the fallen-in cheeks; the pitiful, pleading, starved and *aged* expression of the child's face which could not betray the feeling of fear, lest the white missionary should "eat" (spirit) her away; told a story of indescribable suffering. To pacify and protect the frightened neighbors who feared that we were exposing them to contagion and demon powers by taking her in, she was assigned a little brick house within the Mission compound but isolated from the dormitories of the Mission's pupils and working men. But every native avoided her and it was in the agony of utter loneliness that her feelings vented themselves in the refrain, "I am only

Kiadi". She had arrived at that advanced stage of the disease in which the patient suddenly falls asleep. The most vivid picture we have of her is in a standing posture, head resting on her bony chest, and dangling from left to right, fast asleep without anything to lean against and in danger of toppling over any moment. Sleep had overtaken and conquered her so suddenly that there was no time to be seated on the spot much less to seek a place of safety and repose. More gratifying was the daily glimpse one had of her, after her appearance at the kitchen door for her daily ration of food, seated on the threshold of her hut, tightly clutching her only earthly possession, an empty tin can with its ragged edged cover still hanging on, picked from the garbage box of the Mission. This she reserved as the receptacle for scraps of food she could pick up, as her long season of starvation had made her almost insatiable. This empty preserved meat tin contributed a great amount of happiness to her bleeding heart. One day, the most terrifying shrieks brought us to her side. We arrived just in time to see the station donkey run off with the old tin held firmly between his teeth by the bit of cover that still was left. Kiadi had asserted her right to her property as soon as the animal began to sniff at it, but in vain. Her sore feet made locomotion so difficult that she wailed over the hopelessness of being able to find another tin can. But when a bright shiny salmon tin, half full of left over salmon had been handed her, the outburst of song so seldom heard, would have repaid the sacrifice of something much more valuable.

The station staff of Missionaries had been warned against too close contact with her, as the memories of a Missionary's life laid down through sleeping sickness apparently contracted while nursing one of her afflicted orphans, was painfully fresh in the minds of all. Yet, the temptation to introduce her to soap and water ablutions, and her first clothes, was too keen to be resisted. Well disinfected, and trusting God to protect us, we ventured to relieve her of the filth of years and her superfluous hair, vermin and claw-like toe and finger nail excesses. The natives looked on awe-stricken. Such exposure to what they believe to be the most terrible disease, fairly excited them, knowing that Kiadi could not possibly repay such favors. The exhilarating effect of the treatment brought the first smile we had seen her produce, to her languid, shriveled up face. She had feared death. God was a big cruel mystery to her. She, who was demon possessed, certainly could expect no mercies. Suffering had matured her enough to make her painfully conscious of the horrors of going into the mysterious beyond without the proper preparation, which she, a cast out waif, could never make. We improved the opportunity to explain that just as we were offering ourselves up to make her comfortable because we love her, just so God offered up His son to cleanse her soul and to clothe her with the garment of His own righteousness. She had not known what love was before. Nobody had ever loved her. She lost her mother too young to remember clearly the blessings of love. Our simple act of mercy had *demonstrated*

charity. Could that be the love she had heard of in the few sermons she had listened to, while hovering about under the chapel windows? Does *Christ* love as much as these sisters of mercy love? If so, why fear Him? These questions answered in her child mind changed the first smile into a real sunburst. The sad face shone and continued to shine. She had found *Him* who alone could satisfy those deep longings of her over matured mind. See the change!! Watch her as she sits outside of her hut, with her red calico dress taken from one of the boxes sent us by a ladies missionary society, adding to the brightness of the sunshine in her face; see her as she limps off to the services, not daring to take her place in the crowd of listeners, but humbly and cheerfully filling her appointed place on the threshold of the chapel or eagerly catching the Gospel strains in song and sermon, through the open windows, and you have a literal fulfilment in a small measure of the great promise "to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord that He might be glorified." Her gratitude and affection was so constant, that she knew no better way of expressing it, than to follow her benefactors as far as her mutilated feet would permit. Just to be near them was heaven to her. But soon a great glory was to be hers. Soon she was destined to behold her Saviour. Before long she fell into a stupor from which it was impossible to awaken

her longer than to administer her food. Mortification began to set in. Still alive and breathing feverishly, she was the victim of a heavy sleep, unconscious of the worms which had already begun to demolish the frail tabernacle before death set in. When at last the spirit fled away to Him who gave it and the partly decayed form was quickly laid away, we felt the joy and reward of all who stoop to lift the outcasts, brightened by the Master's *inasmuch* as ye have done it unto the least of these—ye have done it unto me.

Mwangi Wa Mucaria

If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we knew it not, doth not he that pondereth the hearts consider it? and HE that keepeth THY soul, doth he not know it? and shall not HE render to EVERY man according to HIS works?—Proverbs.

Another martyr of heathen darkness. The grief-stricken parents afraid to contemplate the mysterious beyond, wonder what it holds in store for their babe. That his body has already become the prey of the ravenous hyenas they well know, for superstition forbade his burial. But, beyond that, what? They dare not think of it.

Baby Mwangi, though the son and heir of a chief, had everything in common with all other Gikuku babies. His only cradle was his mother's back. The movements of her body as she bent over to cultivate or plant her gardens from day to day, rocked him to sleep, and leech-like he simply would cling there, how we know not. On her way home from her garden she would take with her a large load of wood strapped to her back, while baby, nestling close to her chest, held there by the garment of goat skin tightly drawn about her waist, amused himself in the pursuit of liquid joy. Soon a more dignified place would have been his on top of the wood pile, there to hold his own by clutching her woolly head with his baby hands. The bed of hard rough boards he shared with his mother

nights. Not a stitch of clothing ever protected him from the vicissitudes of the weather. The morning bath, the tedious buttoning up of dresses, did not worry him. He left us in the same garment God had given him to make his first appearance in this world.

The heavy tropical rains, the unusually cold nights and the extremely hot days were hard on the babies. In these cool evenings the natives build such large fires in their low conical huts that one perspires freely. Out from this hot temperature mothers will run into the cold damp night air with the baby, or perchance send an older child out on an errand, and exposure to all kinds of coughs and chest complications is the result. Many of the children become hardened, but many also die, whose lives might be saved if given the proper protection. And yet these ignorant mothers can not be blamed. To their benighted and superstitious minds sickness is caused by incurring the wrath or displeasure of demons. Really, those who ought to have been teaching them all these centuries are more to blame than they.

When little Mwangi's cough increased, the frightened parents at once resorted to the witch doctor. Amid wierd incantations and mysterious performances, the doctor proceeded to make a way of escape for the disease by piercing the baby with hot irons. Then a sheep was sacrificed in order to appease the wrath of the mysterious being who was causing all this trouble. However, Mwangi did not recover, and not until his little life seemed to be ebbing away, did the grief-

stricken mother hasten to us to plead for help. The child was taken in and watched over faithfully for three days. We insisted upon the child being left with us, but even a mother's love for her child was overcome by fear and the child was taken to the village every evening. The flannel with which it had been provided was taken off, which was a new cause of solicitude. Whenever the child was relieved of the phlegm which threatened to choke it the native women were shocked, as if such an act must be associated with some bad omen. But baby's breathing gradually became easier and the coughing spells less frequent, and when he began to take an interest in his new surroundings, his big black eyes looking into ours with mute eloquence which seemed to say, "Oh, but it is so lovely to be cared for like this", we felt that God had given us the life of another baby, as He had so often done in the past. A soft clean bed, an introduction to a bath, the soothing liquids and the gentle care seemed to revive even baby Mwangi's spirits.

But alas for the inevitable discouragements of our medical work among African natives. Elated over the success we were having, the mother seemed anxious to facilitate matters by again consulting the witch doctor. The hot iron ordeal was again resorted to, the whole chest and abdomen being either punctured with the hot awl or cut with a sharp knife. Imagine an innocent helpless babe in the throes of a painful illness; add to it the pain of the punctures and incisions made all over its little body; see the unclean hands which perform the operation and still dirtier ones

wiping away the blood or trying to squeeze the water out of some blister made,—to say nothing of the swarms of flies which deposit disease germs into the many wounds which are never bandaged, and you have looked upon a picture which will make your heart bleed, as does ours, as such scenes are repeated before our eyes from time to time.

Little Mwangi's waning strength was not equal to this second ordeal. Soon he was in the same condition in which he was brought to us at the first. And again the terrified mother rushed to us for help; but too late. She, herself, in her ignorance, had frustrated our efforts to save her baby and the next night it was relieved of its sufferings and passed on to join the many babies representing this dark, dark land, over yonder.

And yet, Mwangi is only one of the thousands who are meeting just such a fate throughout darkest Africa. Why should they not have just a bit of the care which is lavished on their white cousins? Here the poor mother is herself the empty cradle. No empty chair, no little baby shoes carefully packed away, no snow white gown, will ever remind mother of her departed babe, for he never possessed such luxuries. No grave marks the resting place of his little form, for he like all the others was carried into the jungle, there to satisfy the ravenous pursuits of the hyenas. There is no epitaph written for him. But out of the solitude of that dark, uncanny jungle, where again and again we have come across skulls and other human bones, the little skeleton—all that is

left of our chubby baby—itself cries to God, how long, how long? Oh, why should the dreaded hot iron take the place of the gentle loving touch our babies enjoy? Is it because we are white and they are black that they are left to become the martyrs of heathen cruelty? This is what the little heap of bones seems to say. But God's Word tells us why. His last desire, the Master's parting wish that we should go, has remained unheeded too long, and we cannot but hear Him say. "Inasmuch as ye did it *not* to one of the least of these, ye did it *not* to *Me*."

Beloved, if Mwangi's story will find a response in some heart, either to go or help send others to minister to our Saviour by caring for Africa's suffering ones, he will not have suffered in vain. Isa. 58:6, 7. We covet earnest prayers, that our faith and courage may not fail amid the scenes of darkest night. We covet prayers for the speedy thrusting forth of workers to help us bear some of the burdens, and most of all to share the burdens with our Master Himself. Matt. 9:36-38.

A Marvel Upon the Congo

GOD LOVETH a cheerful giver. AND GOD is able to make ALL grace ABOUND toward YOU; that YOU having ALL sufficiency in ALL things, may ABOUND to every good work. 2 Cor.

Not because I desire a gift, but desire fruit that may ABOUND to YOUR account.—Paul.

There is a Christian (Disciple) church upon the Congo in which every member pays tithes upon his entire income, and in addition every tenth member gives his entire time to the proclamation of the Gospel, the other nine providing for his support. The first convert was baptized after three years, a man so lame as to be able to move neither hands nor feet. At the end of another year thirty-one savages from seven warring villages were added. The membership has since increased to more than 2,000.

2 Corinthians 9.

Three-fold result of giving:

It brings glory to God. V. 11.

It supplies needs of others. V. 12.

It enriches the giver. Vs. 6, 10.

The Child In Our Midst

By Maude Wigfield Williams

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that which withholdeth more than is meet but it tendeth to poverty.

The liberal soul shall be made fat, but he that watereth shall be watered himself.—Proverbs.

"Let me out! Let me out! I want to go to church!"

Little Paeka's voice suddenly rings out, disturbing her father and mother, resting so comfortably on their bamboo mat, close to the warmth of what is left of the night's fire. It is Sunday morning on the Kroo coast, and very, very early. Outside, the sky is grey. So is the sea. So is the mist. And the air is chill and raw. But at the church door stands one of our Kroo boys ringing the church bell for half-past five morning prayer; and within her parents' house little Paeka, not more than five years old herself, too little to move the heavy bamboo door, keeps calling, "Let me out! Let me out! I want to go to church!"

"Be quiet," commands the father, turning a trifle closer to the smouldering embers and preparing for another delicious nap.

"Be quiet," orders the mother, unwilling to be disturbed so early in the day.

But "let me out, let me out," persists the child, until for the sake of peace some one rises, moves aside the door, and releases the little one who goes straight to the church as a homing pigeon to its starting place.

This little "child in our midst" never misses a church service. Early in the morning and late at night she sits at the front of the church, close to the chancel, her little red woolly head gleaming in the light, her sweet, clear, childish voice ringing out in the hymns of praise. Generally she leads by the hand a tiny three-year old brother, watching him as carefully as a fond mother and gently laying him on the ground as the baby's eyes begin to droop with sleep.

"Paeka" in the Kroo tongue means "popular," and the little girl bearing this name has certainly won all our hearts and impressed her little personality upon the church she attends so faithfully. I wonder how many English boys and girls, five years old, waking on a cold Sunday morning before the sun was up, would begin to cry, "Let *me* out, I want to go to church!"

There is another child in our midst here at the Mission whom you would like to know, a boy named Mboi-no-wa.

"What a funny name! How did his people come to give a boy such a name," I fancy I hear some English boy exclaim.

The word "Mboi-no-wa" means "tireless spirit"; and it was a very sadhearted mother who gave this name to her little baby. Many children had been born into that family, and each one had died just as it was beginning to walk, died at the age when a baby twines itself tightest around its parents' hearts—and Kroo men and women love their children fondly and tenderly.

So when the tiny new baby boy was placed in the

mother's arms, that heathen woman exclaimed—"You spirit, do you never tire? You come into my child and by-and-by you leave him and he dies, and then you come again into my next child and leave him and he dies, and you keep coming and going, coming and going. Do your feet never grow weary? Do you never tire?" So she called the last new baby "tireless spirit."

But God heard the cry of that heathen woman and was "good to her" as the people on the Kroo coast say, and the baby grew and thrived and is now a hearty boy, very much at home with the Missionaries.

Among so many boys he might have passed unnoticed, had it not been for an act that won for him a warm place in all our hearts. He had been almost as regular as little Paeka in attending church and listening to the preacher's words. One Sunday morning the Missionary had been led to speak much on keeping God's day holy. He had warned the women that it was wrong to farm on Sunday because Sunday is God's day, and he had urged the men not to go out fishing in their canoes on Sunday, telling them that to work on Sunday was to steal the day from God.

To make this truth plain he had told them a parable, for it is only through parables that the Kroo people grasp the lessons we are sent to teach.

"A big man," he said, "had seven shillings in his box, and one day another man came to him and said, 'I beg you, palaver catch me, give me a shilling.' Very kindly the big man gave the other the shilling asked for.

"The next day the same man came again and said, 'I beg you, that shilling finish. Give me another.' So he gave him a second shilling. Again the man came, again and again, until he had taken six shillings from the big man's hands and only one shilling was left.

"Then the small man said to himself, 'My heart lives for that other shilling, but I fear to ask for it for this man has been good to me, and has given me six shillings already.' So he watched, and while the big man slept, the small man slipped into the house, opened the box and stole the last shilling that was in it. Now," asked the preacher, "was that a good thing to do?"

"No," came the answer from everybody in the church, "it was a shame palaver to steal that one shilling after the big man had given the small man six shillings already." "Then," said the missionary, "after God has given you six days for yourself, it is a shame palaver to steal His own day, Sunday, and spend it on yourselves."

That parable caught Mboi-no-wa's mind and fastened itself upon his heart. The following Sunday his heathen father told the boy to go to the farm and scare away the birds from the newly planted rice.

"No, father," said the small boy, "I no fit to go. The white man says Sunday be God's day and God is not pleased if we work on His day."

"Go," shouted the angry father, beginning to get, as Americans say, "plenty vexed."

"No, father, I no fit to work on God's day," firmly replied the lad. Then the man began to beat his

son until great welts stood out all over the boy's back, but the little fellow persisted, "You may kill me, but I no fit to work on God's day."

Nor did he go to farm that Sunday or any Sunday thereafter, but straightway tied himself to the Mission and now, through the kindness of some friends in America this lad is being supported at our mission school at Nanah Kroo. If you could step into the schoolroom some morning, you would see his brown head and yellow face bent over his slate, intent on his writing lesson. Or, if you came in the afternoon, he would either be swimming in the river that runs at the foot of the mission grounds, or busily hoeing the ground to make a cassava farm, cassava being "sweet chop" to a Kroo boy; and at night you would see him listening to God's Word and joining in hymn and prayer prior to rolling himself up in a blanket and going to sleep on his bamboo mat, which is the Kroo boy's bed.

He is happy here, is learning well, and we confidently hope he will grow into a good, strong, Christian man, no less faithful to his God than on that memorable Sunday when he took a flogging rather than break the Fourth Commandment.

Another child is here in our midst because a whole town is united in its efforts to carry out a dying father's wish. With his last breath that father said, "My eyes are dark. I never had the chance to learn 'book'. Don't let my son grow up and waste his life like I did. Make him go to school somewhere, and

get book palaver in his head." Then that father passed away, whither he knew not.

But before the Missionaries had set foot on the sands of Nanah Kroo, the mother had brought that boy and left him in the town to be ready to enroll, and among the first boys to join the mission was George Nimly.

When the news reached his native town, Neroc, we are told the kings and chiefs shouted for joy and exclaimed, "now our town will have a man who can read and write."

Think of it, you rich, rich boys and girls of England, with churches and schools on every hand! Think of a man living a lifetime and dying, without a church or a school to which he could go. Then think of the joy in the Missionaries' hearts at being able to leave America, their home, and travel to the Kroo coast of Africa, and plant a mission school and church right in the heart of these Kroo men and boys and women and girls.

And don't forget to picture the ache in the Missionary's heart as he kneels before God, praying the Owner of the world's gold and silver to put it into the hearts of His people to send the necessary money, to feed and clothe the boys and girls who are leaving their heathen people and heathen homes, and throwing themselves upon the mission, as their single chance to know God and acquire knowledge, or, as they say, "savvy book palaver and get light."

You have met Paeka, Mboi-no-wa and George Nimly, but there are fifteen other equally interesting

children “ in our midst” here at the mission, and scores and scores of other equally interesting boys and girls who are not yet in.

They have strong bodies, these Kroo children; good heads for study, ambitious hearts, and souls that in the Father’s eyes are priceless as your own. Left alone, they must live and die in darkness, ignorance, and superstition, earning a little money on the coast steamers with which to buy clothing, drawing their meat out of the sea with hook and line and their bread out of the ground from the cassava and rice farms.

Given a chance, through church and school, they become the trained farmers, carpenters and tailors, skilled stewards for steamer work, teachers and preachers, diffusing the light, raising their nation and establishing righteousness on the beautiful, fertile coast which God has given to His Kroo children.

They have begged for many years for a chance, and we are glad that Christian America is giving it to them, at Nanah Kroo, Liberia, West Central Africa.

Notes from Entally

By Miss Payne

Ye must be born again.—Jesus.

For about six months after my return from England, we were distressed by the indifference shown by the girls to the highest things, and by a spirit of hostility that prevented any dealing at close quarters.

We seemed to be fighting an alien something which had found its way into our midst, and finally I had to send home a girl of about thirteen years for repeated defiance of all authority. One Sunday after this, when I was taking a Sunday School preparation class with the elder girls, I made a special appeal to them to tell me what was the matter with them all, and presently four of them came up to my room and told a long tale which explained everything.

More than a year before, the girl whom I had sent away had conceived the evil idea of banishing love and forgiveness from the school. If a girl or teacher did anything you did not like, you were to refuse to speak to her, look at her, or go near her for a certain length of time. The child had immense influence, and induced one after another to follow her lead, and things went from bad to worse until nearly every girl in the school was involved in it. Some of the better-spirited girls had tried to put an end to it, but the originator had made them believe that it was impos-

sible. Now she was no longer in the school, they came to ask my help to free them from the chains that bound them. A sigh of relief went through the school when I insisted that this must be stopped that very day, and that the rules laid down in the twelfth of Romans were to be considered the rules of the school.

There was a general making up of old differences, and at once the atmosphere of the school cleared, and during the past few months eleven girls have been baptized (seven were baptized earlier in the year), and we are hopeful for the future.

The child who did so much harm has been at home for four months, and to save her from being married, I am having to take her back into the school next month. Will you all think of her, specially when you pray, and ask that instead of exerting an influence for bad, she may become thoroughly converted and lead others with her along the paths of righteousness.

Pray for us, your representatives, that we may be enabled to keep the tone of the school high and the atmosphere pure, so that each girl who comes here may learn to think habitually on whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure, and having her feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, may go forth to live her life before others.

"The heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes."

From "Our Own Gazette"

Does A Missionary Church Prosper?

By the Rev. W. D. Hankinson

There is that maketh himself rich and hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.

I wonder if it is legitimate from the point of view of "motive" to encourage our churches to pray more and give more and do more for foreign missionary work *on the ground that the missionary spirit in a church always brings prosperity to its own life and work.* I think it is. We who are pastors, and the office-bearers and members of our churches, feel the pressure of our immediate work so much that we sometimes shrink from encouraging a larger interest in and a greater generosity towards the work of our Missionary Societies, lest it should take from the funds of the home-work or divert the interest of the church from its more immediate responsibilities. It is a groundless fear. On the contrary, if a church is feeling the pressure of the home work a wider vision and a larger heart will enable it to meet that pressure all the better. If a church is feeling the pinch of funds for its own immediate work, the best thing it could do even for its own sake would be to arrange for a missionary collection. The magic spell of missionary interest and sympathy will open hearts and pockets which were only half open before, and the home work will be more abundantly provided for.

This might be demonstrated from the experiences of many churches. The writer has heard at first hand the story of a church in Scotland, which a few years

ago desired a manse for its minister, and the minister was called upon to decide whether at that stage they would go forward with the provision of the manse or utilize the interest then manifest in the church for the support of a missionary. The minister decided for the latter course. To-day, they not only support their missionary, but they have a far better manse than they hoped to possess when the matter first came before them.

In another church with which the writer is acquainted, the contributions to the Missionary Society amounted to a few pounds. A member with the missionary spirit imparted her enthusiasm to others, and to-day the contributions of that church are more than one hundred pounds; with the further result that the church is strong in numbers, in spirit, and in local influence, while its funds for local work have also greatly advanced.

Another church, which has been the scene of a great Gospel work, but which is housed in a building altogether inadequate for its own purposes, needs and deserves and is seeking the funds necessary for a new place of worship. But what is the spirit of the Church? They are not a wealthy people, but they give splendidly; and while they are raising their building fund they are keeping the missionary interest in the forefront. In a circular the pastor showed me lately I find these lines:

Contributions to Missions

1910-11 £111, 1911-12 £120, 1912-13 £124, 1913-14

Excelsior!

Of course they will get their new church with a spirit like that.

Instances might be multiplied to demonstrate the fact that the missionary spirit in a church is a guarantee of spiritual prosperity; that missionary liberality in a church will never deplete home funds, but rather increase them; and that missionary prayer meetings will result in blessing upon the life and work of the church itself. So that while, of course, the missionary spirit must be entirely unselfish, or else it is not of the true quality, it seems legitimate to encourage ourselves not to be timid or limited or ungenerous in our missionary sympathy, but rather to have the wide vision, the large heart, and the generous hand; and we shall certainly prove that it is true of churches as of individuals that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth," and on the other hand (by way of warning), "there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty."

The Rev. D. M. Stearns, pastor of the Church of the Atonement, Germantown, Pa., has issued a leaflet, regarding the work of his church. During his ministry there, of twenty years, his congregation has given to missions \$113,700, averaging for the last six years \$8,272, or \$69 per member. The current expenses are never over \$3,000 a year. He states that this has not been accomplished through missionary organization, or personal solicitation, but simply by reading letters from different parts of the field from week to week at every mid-week service, and presenting the

opportunity to give at the different services. Regarding these results he says further: "I believe it to be the blessing of the Lord upon His work done in His way, in the power of the Holy Spirit. I have been ordained pastor for over thirty-two years, and have firmly held and taught the deity of Christ, His vicarious atonement, His present ministry of intercession, His coming again to set up a kingdom of peace and righteousness on this earth, with a righteous Israel as the earthly center; and all the great truths included in, or associated with, these."

—*Christian Workers Magazine.*

Is It Right?

All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none righteous, no not one.—Paul.

Justice is one of the qualities of which love is compounded, and God, who is love, is also a just God. How then must God feel in view of the contrast between home and foreign missions? Suppose we, from the throne observatory, look out upon the differences existing in the conditions of our home and foreign efforts, and see if we are proclaiming an equal love and justice to all in our Christian organizations and dealings. On the south side of Chicago our Mennonite denominations alone launched four city missions; each has its band of workers, its lady helpers, its contact with a civilization which makes it able to call in the assistance of mechanic or workman when need arises, its helps of all kinds, the sympathy and fellowship accompanying a Christian work in a Christian country—it has, in fact, all that would, humanly speaking, make the wheels run smoothly and happily. These missions are within such easy distance of one another, that the cars will set us down in less than an hour from one to the other.

One of these same denominations also possesses a fairly well equipped orphanage, with its steam heating, its electric light, and splendid farming facilities. The orphanage, within the last few years, has had an average of from 80 to 100 little inmates. When we visited the Home, there was a staff of about eight

workers, tired out, worn and jaded, and constant appeals were being made for more helpers; *and these appeals were justified* and very timely. The number of orphans in the home would work out to an average of 10 to 16 to each member of the staff. The superintendent emphatically declared to the writer, that it is essential for each worker to have a month's vacation each year. Now, if they, in a healthy climate, with a small average of children, in a building furnished with every convenience, need their yearly vacations, what shall we, what can we say concerning the workers on the field, with the climatic struggles, the fever strains, the poorly-furnished mission buildings, the lack of common civilization benefits, with no Christian fellowship, no nurses to call in when sickness breaks out, no loving sisters to come in and sew for an afternoon, or spend a day or two in helping the over-taxed workers, and yet, with official statistics showing that in Africa the missionary's share of souls is about 200,000! Consider the numerical contrast, consider the circumstantial contrast, consider the difference of environments, consider the difference in educational aids, for on the field there is the absence of literature, tracts, reading matter, good schools, etc., which are such powerful helps to the home missionary; consider the incomparable difference in the outlook in every respect, and you ask, Is God no respecter of persons, as He says He is? Certainly this is not God's arrangement. Can it then be thought unreasonable when the Missionaries on the foreign field appeal for more help?

Again, who expects the home missionary, e. g. the city mission leader, the orphanage superintendent, the pastor, to set about building their own churches or orphanages, patch their own shoes, make their own streets, or roads, contrive their own bridges across neighboring rivers, act as doctor and dentist for an innumerable parish of people, make their own furniture, cut and saw without the help of a sawmill (although with the help of unreliable, untrained, lazy natives) all the planks needed for the mission houses, schools, and chapels, and their furnishing? Then why should all this be expected of the missionary in a climate where the governments require of a white man only one-half the amount of work a man would be expected to do in the home land, and pay a double salary for it? In addition to this, the missionary is supposed to be digging out a language, translating portions of the Bible, typing his own translations, often supplying a whole class of enquirers with type-written books laboriously prepared with his own hands, sending regular reports to the homeland (and of course these reports must be filled with remarkable successes, and wonderful cases of soul-winning, if a certain class of people will continue their subscriptions to the mission fund), making his long itineraries on foot instead of sitting in comfortable express trains or riding in a two-horse buggy or automobile, having to supervise his own cookery, if he cares anything about his digestion, and often having his own night's lodging to improvise, attending to the demands of people who support mission pupils, and who require

reports of the progress of their respective scholars and letters written by the scholar's own hand, which the Missionary had first to supervise and then to translate.

Why should it be thought strange, then, that Missionaries break down prematurely under such superhuman strains, and graves are dug in rapid succession, as silent witnesses to the unfairness of things?

Is it right to charge foreign Missionaries with overzealousness in pleading their cause, and in asking for more workers? Is it just, in the light of these facts, that at many of our mission stations we have only one-half the forces of workers that a home mission possesses, when, in order to make up for climatic drawbacks, language difficulties, and secular duties, we ought to have double their force? Yes, we go a step further—not only a double number of workers at every station, but also more mission stations; at least until the time comes when the native workers shall have become established enough to be of real service to the Missionary, instead of a burden on his hands.

Men who have traveled much in respect of foreign missions, feel that at present we are only playing at it, for with our uneven demands and supplies one of two results is inevitable—either the early grave of the Missionary who has endeavored to attack all his duties, or else an unsatisfactory incompleteness in some or all branches of the work. Think of the condition at Djoko Punda; what are the Missionaries there for? Is it not to teach the people? Yet, that overworked band of four were so run down that they were com-

pelled to cease their school activities for a time. Our hearts have bled when we have seen Missionaries with splendid gifts of language and teaching, having to spend their time and sap their strength in the kitchen or at the buildings, so that when it came to the point of preparing a Bible lesson, or waiting upon God for a Sunday message, or spending a definite time in dealing with seeking souls, or answering questions and meeting the needs of the many people who were looking to them for help, they were physically so tired as to be unable to adequately throw themselves into the doing of it. The writer has known times when the weariness of her body was so great, the nerve force so exhausted, the pressure upon brain and heart so intense, that she, almost heartlessly it seemed, turned away a questioning soul; but only to spend sleepless hours of agony before God, because of having lost this opportunity of spiritual helpfulness. The very object for which her friends had sent her had been frustrated and lost, because the many other duties which had to be done, through lack of helpers, had crowded out the precious times for spiritual refreshment and service.

Can we expect God to answer our prayers for our Missionaries, when on the other hand they are deprived of those natural means of physical refreshment which God had intended should be given them as indispensable aids to nature for the preservation of life? Really, who is to blame for this terrible rate of mortality among Missionaries on the foreign field? God asks for the co-operation of His servants in providing

for the needs of His people. He gives the needed grace, the seed for sowing, the heavenly light, the dew of His Spirit; but He looks to us to do our part in wisely making provision for all the temporal equipment. God has His heavenly pattern, as He had for the tabernacle of old, and will call by name His Bezaleels and Aholiab for the service, but it was the *people's* privilege to furnish the workmen and their materials. Enough merely? Nay, *much more than enough was forthcoming*. Exod. 36:5. That is always God's imperial measure and standard for His people; then what should be our part, as workers together with this God, if it is not to use *His* measure unto *all in home and foreign lands*, with *equal* justice, love and bounty, having no respect of persons?

Believe Ye? And They Said Unto Him, Yea Lord!

An African's Answer to the Question

By J. F. Cotton, Sudan Interior Mission

We negroes are one in racial unity with you whites—different, yet the same. A crocodile is hatched from an egg—and a flying bird from an egg.—The Emperor Mushidi.

"Please, sah, I want to speak for you." "Well what do you want?" asks the missionary, a little sharply, for the ninth time interrupted in the writing of his letter home. "Sah! I want to be baptized!" "Oh!" and the pen is thrown down, the sharp tone gives place to one of interest, yet with a slight sound of reserve and doubt in that long drawn out "Oh!" The missionary has learned, by experience, not to accept too quickly the profession of Mister African, especially if Mister African is able to express that profession in what he is pleased to call "his mother tongue."

"You want to be baptized?" "Yes, sah." "Why do you want to be baptized?" "I want be Christian, sah." "Oh!" The sharp tone is quite missing now, doubt and reserve are almost gone. "And why do you want to be a Christian?" This question brings a little perplexity to the face of the young fellow and "his mother tongue" gets rather cruelly treated. "I no know, sah, but I read him in the book 'bout Jesus." "What book?" "De Bible, sah." "Oh!" Doubt and reserve are absent now, and a warmth of love gets

mixed into the interest in that little word of two letters. The critics will say "that loving interest should have been shown in the first 'Oh', for in personal dealing the sharp tone may seem so unsympathetic to the inquirer as to make it hard for him." That may be so; the Missionary doesn't dispute it, but simply states facts as he sees and hears and feels them. He would, however, invite his critic to the African field for a tour of service, or refer him to the Divine Missionary and some of His methods of personal dealing as recorded in such incidents as the Syro-phenician Woman and the Rich Young Ruler. But this is a digression.

"Where did you learn to read the Bible?" "Well, sah, I first work for white man. I be his small boy" (i. e. a sort of valet, whose chief duties are to carry the white man's cigarettes and matches when his master is out airing and serve whiskey and soda when his master has visitors). "He teach me English letters, and when he go for home, I get Bible in my language (Yoruba) and I learn him." "And how long since you were first able to read your Bible?" "About one year past now, sah!" "One year?" "Yes, sah." "Well, who is Jesus?" the Missionary asks, and again the look of perplexity passes over the young fellow's face. "Jesus, He be God's Piccanin!" "Who?" "God's Piccanin, sah." And the Missionary wondered what the angels did when they heard that artless reply. Do angels weep? It's likely they do, for there is joy in their presence over one sinner repenting. God's Piccanin! (with deep reverence). Listen, my Unitarian

friend! One year alone with the Bible, and a poor ignorant black man is convinced that Jesus is God's "Piccanin!" Listen, too, my higher (?) critical friend, to what this dark fellow is saying, "I read him in de Book of God, Jesus He be God's Piccanin." "Tell me again, for the sake of that proud, stately Moslem walking by the mission window." "Jesus is God's Piccanin."

"Can you tell me anything that Jesus has done?" continues the Missionary. "Yes, sah, Jesus He done gone die for de sins of the 'ole world." Again the "mother tongue" is done violence to, but the ambassador for Christ takes little notice of the language of the young enquirer. His mind and heart are full of the desire to help this lad into fuller light and blessing. "True! True! Jesus died for the sins of the whole world, but what has Jesus done for you?" "Please, sah, I no fit to know all 'bout Jesus. I only know small; but I know if I want for to go for heaven, He be only One fit to take me for dere."

Just then someone comes in and other duties press, and the lad is told to attend the class for candidates for baptism on the following Friday.

The Missionary hopes to baptize him soon, "on his own confession of faith" in Jesus Christ. He doesn't know much of the theology of the Schools, but then, neither did the other black-skinned fellow whom Philip found in the chariot. He doesn't know the meaning of the great words in Scripture but in that matter he may not be more ignorant than the jailor at Philippi. He is not well versed in his white

brothers' code of morals but the Missionary remembers how much darkness has been brought to light in his own life since he first by grace came to a saving knowledge of Jesus.

This lad has brought at least a dozen other young fellows to the class in as many weeks. He works hard in the railway sheds and teaches his more ignorant countrymen to read in his spare time. He looks up any sick folks in his neighborhood, and if he is unable to do anything for them himself, he conducts the Missionary to them. In a dispute or quarrel, if he happens to be near, he fearlessly enters and acts as arbitrator and peacemaker; and this lad bears on his body the awful scars made by pagan parents in their cruel ignorance.

Someone will ask, "Are all who come to you like this lad?" Would to God they were! Many, alas! come for "loaves and fishes"; some come because they know the white man has medicine for the awful disease their sin has contracted; some come out of curiosity. It is not uncommon after the Missionary has delivered what he feels has been a very solemn and heartsearching address, to find that the downcast looks of his hearers are not because of his sermon, but of a careful and lengthy examination of his boots. There is not much consolation after such a discovery, to reflect that at home the centre of interest is sometimes a hat in the congregation, rather than the parson's boots. But whatever the motive in coming, the Missionary is glad when they come, for they hear the Gospel, the power of God unto salvation to everyone

that believeth. Many a curious soul has seen more than he came to see; many a sick one has discovered the disease of his heart was more dreadful than that of his body; many a seeker after the "loaves and fishes" has been caused to seek the Living Bread by hearing that same Gospel, and so the missionary "keeps on," sowing, often in tears, but not without hope, assured in his heart that His Word shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that which He please and shall prosper in the thing whereto He sent it.

—*The Evangelical Christian.*

Ropeholders Prayer Band

The African race is an indiarubber ball. The harder you dash it to the ground the higher it will rise.—Bantu proverb.

I should like to call your attention to the heading of this article. This term "Ropeholders" is an appropriate and well known name for those who faithfully bear the burdens of the Missionaries, who, with their lives in their hands, go out to blast the great rocks of heathen superstition. It has been on our hearts for some time to gather together in spirit a mighty band of prayer laborers for prevailing prayer on our behalf, and the term "Ropeholders" seems just to express what we should like these friends to be for us.

We had a very vivid illustration of what it means to be a ropeholder whilst in the Alpine mountains of Switzerland. One day, passing a huge perpendicular cliff, we detected what seemed like a speck above us on the dizzy heights. We discovered it was a man—a geologist—chipping off precious specimens of the rock. (Is not this what the Missionaries are doing—obtaining priceless specimens from the gigantic rocks of heathenism to garnish the heavenly temple above?) Some friends, who stood below with a horn, ready to blow as people were passing to warn him against letting fragments fall, called our attention to the rope around his body. The secret of his safety lay in the way the men at the summit of the crag held that rope. If they had for one moment released their strong,

steady grasp, the scientist would have been immediately dashed down to the depths below. Now our friends occupy the position of ropeholders for us when they pray on our behalf. Prayer brings things to pass which could not otherwise happen, and allows deeds to be accomplished which could not otherwise be done, just as that adventurer could not have held his own on those narrow rocky ledges, nor obtained his treasure unless his friends had volunteered to hold fast to the rope.

In Africa, though the mails be delayed, and we be letterless for weeks, the prayers offered ascend straight to the Throne, and God forwards the answers direct to us. There are no shipwrecks which jeopardise our heavenly mail, and if our friends will send us ever so many prayer telegrams, turning every thought of us into prayer on the one hand, and spending a definite time alone with God on our behalf on the other, we assure you that not one will ever miscarry, nor will the answer come too late.

*Village Life*

The Yea and Amen of Prayer or Prayer Ministry Tested

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—Jas. 5:16.

No line of ministry is so contested by Satan as the ministry of prevailing, intercessory prayer. It is impossible to go through in prayer, and not fail in pushing on until the last half hour of steepest climbing is done, unless we have our feet firmly planted on the promises of God, never swerving, no matter what experiences come which seem precisely contrary to what the Holy Spirit had mightily moved us to pray for.

Only very recently, the writer and her co-workers have been heavily burdened in prayer, not only for the work on the Congo amongst the natives, and the Missionaries on the Field, but also for certain Missionary Committees who, it seems, should be God's appointed channel for the thrusting forth of a few of those who had volunteered during the recent years of deputation work for the large, unlimited, ripened Field in the heart of Africa. Here was another large band of Spirit-filled men and women ready to be thrust forth, and yet mountain high barriers were barring the way for the volunteers on the one hand, and on the other, cutting off the necessary reinforcements for those on the Field who are breaking down under the

pressure. Even before news of the sickness and testings had reached us from the Field, God had laid such prayer-burdens upon the afore-mentioned little band that the unity in prayer, and the tangible presence of God, every time we entered into prayer conflict, was something we had seldom experienced before. There were times when the spirit of prayer was so upon us that it was difficult to bring the prayer-meeting to a close, and generally when we separated one from the other, it was with the mutual deep conviction that God had undertaken, and that He was beating back the enemy.

Yet note in one instance what happens. One of our prayer band is a volunteer for the Field, and she felt sure God had answered prayer in opening a door for her, and faith bubbled over in joy and expectancy. Yet, when the long looked-for news of the Council's decision came, instead of her acceptance came a temporary rejection,* because of the physical danger involved in sending ladies to a pioneer field before good buildings have been erected. This was not the only instance of frustration; but just because these contrary happenings have come, have we not in these very occurrences proof that our prayers are heard, and the answer of God is coming because Satan is stirred up and the battle is begun?

*Three weeks after this article was written news comes of the acceptance of the worker mentioned. So her rejection was only a trial of her faith—a stepping-stone from the "Yea" to the "Amen". But more than that—eight workers are now on the field all in answer to prayer since that first test.

Did God then not answer our prayers, when He gave us such deep conviction that the battle in the heavenlies was won, though the answer seemed apparently contrary? Here it is that we need deep spiritual discernment in order to discover the purposes of God, and the forces at the back of these seeming delays. That our prayers were in the will of God we cannot doubt, for has He not told us specifically to "Pray the Lord of the harvest, that He would thrust forth labourers into His harvest?" and did He not in answer to that prayer give us as many as forty responses? Then why, for the present, these barred doors?

We are just citing this case as one of hundreds of similar instances of apparent prayer failure, perhaps with reference to prayer for some soul's salvation, or for healing. There are times when God gives us immediate answers, followed by a sudden inflow of life as soon as prayer is made for sick ones, while at other times there is the slow, gradual, almost imperceptible answer. But nevertheless, is it not a fact that as soon as we *begin* to pray, God *begins* to work towards the ripening of His purposes? and this ripening often requires some considerable lapse of time. In other words, must not our prayers also become "grains of wheat to fall into the ground and die that they may bring forth much fruit?" God takes all we offer, whether in consecration or in prayer, and passes the sentence of death upon all. "For we have the sentence of death in ourselves (yes, even in our

prayers) that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead."

Perhaps a change of figure would make it clearer; so have we not here the *Yea* and *Amen* of prayer exemplified? Between God's *Yea* and His *Amen* (which must correspond with our "Amen" of faith), there must often be an interval, more or less prolonged. When Daniel began to pray for his captive countrymen, Jehovah spake His *Yea*, that same Divine "*Let there be*" which brought worlds into existence, but His *Amen*, "*So be it,*" was not pronounced until some weeks later. We see Joseph with his remarkable dreams given by God, had the deep conviction that he was called of God to really become the centre of that circle of brethren. God had spoken His "*Yea*" into his heart; but the pathway to the "*Amen*" was through misunderstanding, suffering, discipline, and long years of waiting. The "*Amen*" was realized when he became the Prime Minister of the Egyptian Empire, and the governor of that people. It would be an interesting and profitable study to trace God's "*Yea*" of promise and His "*Amen*" of fulfillment throughout the Word. God spoke His "*Yea*" of promised deliverance to Moses from out the burning bush, but before the *Amen* was pronounced, the conditions on the brickfields were aggravated, and Moses had to bear the rebuffs of Pharaoh, and the reproaches of the elders of his people, and both Moses and Israel were compelled to lean wholly on God. The Bethlehem shepherd lad received God's "*Yea*" or kingly calling when the holy anointing oil was poured upon his head,

but the working out of God's plan into the sunlight of the "Amen" was traced through dens and caves, as he was hunted down like a deer by the treacherous, malevolent servants of Saul.

We find this lapse of time exemplified in Christ's life. He was able to say, "Thou hast put all things into My hands." Yet at the time He said it, He was poor and despised. He had God's "Yea" then; God's Amen followed after He had become a grain of wheat. Notice also what happened at the cursing of the barren fig tree, St. Mark 11:14. His disciples heard that curse, and in the mind of God that tree was given over unto death the moment the word of power had gone forth. In St. Matthew's account of the incident, it states "and presently the fig tree withered away," but the passage in St. Mark 11:20, shows that it was the next morning when they re-passed that they *saw* the fig tree dried up from the roots. They had gone past the fig tree the evening before, on their way to Bethany, but it was not until they returned to Jerusalem the next morning, they *saw*. Again a lapse of time between the fact and the *manifestation* of the fact. It seemed as if no change was seen in the fig tree at the moment Christ uttered the curse but it began, nevertheless, to dry up from the roots deep down,—a hidden process,—and the next morning the lapse of time between the Yea and the Amen had ended.

God knows when to give us a sudden, visible answer to prayer and when to delay it for the furtherance of some Divine hidden purpose. During our

first term of service on the Congo, we were sent to an abandoned mission station for a much needed change of air. Four hundred native Christians were there pastored by a native preacher, and, branching out from this church, were at least fifteen out-stations, each with its own teacher. Death had made so many inroads in the ranks of the missionaries, that it was necessary prematurely to leave this splendid work in the hands of the natives. So, when our health seemed in a very precarious condition, one fever rapidly succeeding another, we hoped to combine a change of air and surroundings with a much longed-for ministry in that missionary-abandoned native Church. We had a most blessed time, the people crowding into the dining room of the old tumbledown mission house, already practically eaten up by the ravages of the white ants. Each night these eager souls flocked in, and delayed their departure until we were obliged to send them away. The three weeks passed only too quickly, when we were recalled to help in Christmas preparations, as only one week was left before Christmas, and none of the workers at our home-station were strong. A brother and sister, however, who had accompanied us, decided to stay a week longer, to give these spiritual orphans some Christmas cheer. But scarcely had we arrived home, when a messenger came from the aforementioned station, to say that our co-worker was dying. She had suddenly, after our departure, been stricken with the deadly blackwater fever, which has claimed so many foreigners in Africa. Miss Kohm, our nurse, was immediately despatched to minister to

the sick one, and after a trying six hours' walk through bridgeless rivers, and over high mountains, she found the patient with a most dangerously high fever. After prayer and the laying on of hands, she began to devise means of making the sufferer more comfortable. The distressed natives, desiring to help, had tried to filter the water, as that from the muddy rivers of the Congo, without being filtered, breeds malaria. But, alas! their hygienic principles were minus quantities, for it was discovered that they had resorted to "scrub rags" to filter the water for their beloved missionary! They knew no better.

Our fevered sister was so nervous and restless that there was no sleep for her, and Miss Kohm thought that if only sleep would come, the temperature might fall, but this restless condition would only drive it up more. It was the hottest time of the year, and being an abandoned mission station, there were no household effects, no water coolers, and as, of course, in Congoland we have no cows and consequently no milk, there was absolutely nothing at hand which could be given to cool the parched burning lips. We, ourselves, have known what it is to lie for hours in a burning fever, without a drop of anything which might quench that nameless thirst and soothe the worn-out nerves. It was in this terrible pressure, when it seemed as though the patient must succumb if help did not soon arrive, that Miss Kohm sent a note to the writer, asking for some dietary foods to be sent her, and added "Oh! for some oranges or fruit with which to quench the thirst of this sick one!"

It was not the orange season, and not a vestige of fruit had been left, to one's knowledge, on any of the trees, and should some have escaped the many gatherers, surely the months of scorching sun would have succeeded in withering the lingering fruit to uselessness. But as we read the letter, a sigh escaped our lips, and an involuntary cry went up to God,—“Oh! that we had some oranges!” Hardly had we sent the thought, when some native boys who had been playing under the bare orange trees, came running in in ecstasy, with this much desired fruit in their hands. When first they saw them, they could not believe they were oranges, but thought that they were birds of gaudy plumage. They cast stones into the trees, but the ‘birds’ did not fly away. Still skeptical, it did not take the boys long to climb the trees and examine the phenomenon. But it was a fact—there were the luscious perfect oranges. Their presence on those trees at the wrong season, their freshness, the fact that they had remained undiscovered until that hour of extreme need, were and are to this day miracles that only God can explain,—the God that foresees and supplies all needs of His own. Another phenomenon, in the mind of the Missionary, was the fact that these lads were in such a hurry to hand over these luxuries, for this was indeed another happening contrary to nature; and all this a moment after she had inaudibly uttered her prayer for oranges!

A few days after, when the patient was brought to the mission station in an unconscious state, the writer watched by her bedside the first night. When

she regained consciousness, her first question was, "Where did you get those oranges?" She proceeded to relate how that terrible burning thirst seemed more than she could endure, and what a Godsend that refreshing soothing fruit-juice, pressed into her mouth, had been, and how it finally brought relief and sleep, and was the first step towards her restoration. She is still faithfully laboring amongst Congo's benighted people.

How prone we are to make stereotyped, or cast-iron laws according to which we expect God to work; but He is such a manifold God that we must allow Him to show diversity in all His operations, and leave to Him the choice of method and time for supplying our needs made known to Him in prayer, thus affording the best kind of development for our own faith. God is looking for a people who will trust Him, even when they do *not see or feel*. About two years after this incident, we were working at a new pioneer station in a district where the people had not yet become accustomed to the white man, and were hence very superstitious, looking upon us as some kind of spirits, perhaps spirits of their departed ancestors coming back to torment them, or derive some gain out of them. It happened that year that the much longed-for rains were delayed, and it was high time to plant the gardens, for the people's scanty supply of provisions would soon be exhausted. The absence of agricultural implements in a land where weeds are prolific, because there is no cold weather to retard the growth, and where all the field work is done by women who

simply scratch the soil with their primitive tools, make the harvest very small and the supply is just enough to carry them through to the next crop. It can be easily understood that after a dry season lasting six months without a drop of rain the whole time, the ground was baked and parched, and unfit for seed sowing. The native witch doctors tried everything in their power to bring down the much needed showers, putting their idols and fetishes to the most effectual use they possibly could, dancings, shoutings, shootings being accompanied by various hideous incantations in order to propitiate the angry spirits who were withholding rain. Finally, there was a rumor abroad that it must be the Missionary who was holding up the clouds. For did he not speak of a great God, an omnipotent God, a God of the stars and sky, and did they not hear him relate that this God did mighty things at the request of His servants? Certainly, if this were true, the Missionary needed only to ask his God for rain, and it would come; but now that he had not done so, was not the Missionary in league with an angry God, and were they not purposing together to bring destruction on the people? Occasionally, some of our boys would warn us against entering the villages, for the people were becoming very angry.

One afternoon, when touring in the outlying district, we met with several harsh rebukes, and the people refused to listen to our message; they felt we did not love them, since we would not give them rain. Having arrived in a village where a number of men

were gathered, who spoke in an ominously treacherous manner, my co-worker felt it high time to ask God for rain, publicly. After having done so, we quietly wended our way home; but ah! the suggestions which came crowding upon us—"What if after all it does not rain?" The writer remembers beating back these haunting doubts by repeating to herself the promises of God referring to answering prayer, and in the evening before retiring to rest, beholding the magnificent starlit sky, the glory of a tropical night, she pulled down the shade lest the sight of the clear heavens should weaken her faith. She began to thank God for the rain, although her heart did not in the least respond. This lip-service, however, was pressed on until midnight, refusing to give place to doubt, and she fell asleep praising God. In the morning, there was a slight drizzle, but only enough to evoke sarcasm on the part of the natives, for that pretense of rain would do nothing towards refreshing a parched, fissured earth. One could plainly read on scornful faces, "Is that all your God can do?" Presently the sun blazed out as brightly as ever, and faith was put to a deeper test. It seemed as if the answer had begun to come, and had been turned back. The next day was set apart for an inter-tribal battle, fought so near the mission house, that the shots could be heard. That day's fighting had not settled the quarrel, and so it was decided to continue the warfare the next day. This was Sunday, and the planned battle-ground was in such proximity to the chapel, that it would make the possibility of a service out of the question. A little

handful of children gathered to the Sunday School, but only about one-tenth of the usual number. There we appealed to the little ones, asking them to show by the raising of their hands, who would stand with us in prayer that God would send rain. Almost every one responded. We knew that this would give publicity to our prayer-battle, as there are no secrets in Africa, and these little ones would blaze abroad that morning's deed all over the country. It was no longer the lives of the natives, who would perish with famine if help did not come, that were at stake, but God's glory.

The Sunday School was dismissed, and on our way home we stopped and spoke to a great number of warriors, who were preparing their antique blunderbusses for the fight. While we were yet talking, we noticed them glancing up at the sky with a look of concern, and almost in less time than it takes to tell, the sky became suddenly black. The natives have a terrible fear of thunderstorms, and before we knew it, these warriors who had come from a greater distance than the Missionaries could reach in their itineraries, rushed into the Chapel for protection. In no other way could we have succeeded in getting these suspicious, savage, bloodthirsty warriors to an indoor service. The threatenings of the storm continued, but the clouds did not break until the Missionary, who would otherwise have had an empty house, had preached the Gospel to a crowded assembly, many hearing it for the first time. The service being over, the natives had just time to reach the next village before a deluge of rain fell, which continued all that day and the succeed-

ing night. And not the least of all the blessings of the delay, that planned battle was never fought.

Now we can easily see *why* that lapse of time was allowed between the Yea and the Amen. God was waiting to fulfill a *three-fold* purpose—not only to send down the natural showers, and to provide an opportunity by the combination of many circumstances for these hitherto untouched natives to hear the message of salvation, but to frustrate a bloody battle, which ultimately was substituted by a peaceful settlement of the fight. Had our prayers for rain been answered one day sooner, the prayer-answer harvest would have been only thirty-fold. Through the delay it was multiplied by three, making it a ninety-fold crop. We need always to thank God for what appears a most trying period of time between the Yea and the Amen. When once the “Yea” of God has been spoken, the Amen is sure to follow. But “Therefore will the *Lord* wait, that He may be gracious unto you. For the *Lord* is a God of judgment; blessed are all they that wait for Him.”

Busy Friends as God's Prayer Champions

In our missionary travels we have felt most deeply for mothers and daughters, who were tempted to chafe under the pressure of many home duties, because they felt they were being limited in their opportunities of service. How they longed to exchange places with the Missionary, and yet how little they realized that lady Missionaries,—in Africa at any rate,—have a repetition of the home trials right out on the Field. Often with a family of from 20 to 100 native children to care and plan for, besides the responsibility of school work, the housekeeping and the sewing needing to be attended to, anywhere from 5 to 100 patients daily coming for help,—not to mention the letters and missionary reports we are expected to faithfully send to the homeland,—one often wondered how it were possible to wedge in a half-hour with the Lord. Even with the drain of the hot, unhealthy climate upon our bodies, we were many a time obliged to deprive ourselves of necessary sleep, in order to have the indispensable quiet times of communion with God in the early morning dawn, and even then could not be sure that we should be so fortunate as to have no interruptions, as the natives have no idea of systematic divisions of time, and, like children, seek the comfort and advice of the Missionary at any and all hours.

It is, therefore, out of the depths of our own ex-

periences that we speak to mothers, for the Missionary also who has not received an abundant supply of grace, feels keenly that the many unavoidable secular duties on the Mission Station limit her opportunities for spiritual work to a most distressing degree. Very often, when it looked as though a leisure hour was in view, for real waiting on God or Bible study, the unexpected would happen to crowd it out. Take, for instance, what actually occurred one afternoon at our Mission Station. One had so eagerly planned that a portion of the afternoon should be free for that soul and spirit refreshing fellowship with God, when suddenly an accident occurred, and one of our native 'boys' was carried in with a broken limb. Scarcely had we sacrificed our quiet hour in the setting of the bone, when another lad was brought to us, having just received a blow, and his eye was almost out. We retired that night, hoping for better things the next day, but alas, our native helper in the kitchen succeeded in pouring boiling water over himself, and thus was disabled for many a day. The writer has known many such accidents to happen, so that it was impossible to abide by one's best intentions. Of course, in the Congo the natives have no hospitals or doctors, so they soon learn to run to the Mission Station at any time, day or night, with their accidents and sicknesses; and also, in the absence of artisans and skilled laborers, all the burden of house-building, housekeeping, getting these rude people into clothes, etc., falls upon the Missionaries themselves.

We Missionaries, therefore, feel a bond of sympa-

thetic fellowship with the busy mothers and those who have many family cares; and we feel they have fellowship with us. But, Oh! that all understood the value of a mother's life and prayers! In order to do this, we feel we must choose a mother as an illustration of what God can do,—a mother who lived in our present time and difficulties.

In the month of January, 1904, the writer lay sick unto death out there in Africa. I was quite ready to go to the Lord, only I begged so earnestly, "Lord, help my dear mother to bear it, when the tidings of the death of her only daughter reach her." But then on January 24th, a sudden change took place, and I became wonderfully better, and while others would have taken months to recover strength after such a terrible attack, with me it was miraculously quick, and seemingly unaccountable. But two months after, I received from home the news that my dear mother had gone Home on January 24th. The whole of the last day of her life, she had spent in earnest prayer for her child in Africa, full of joy in the thought that she had given her dearest to the Lord. And while she, already with the death dews upon her brow, continued to pray for her daughter, God gave the latter, out there in Africa, new strength for service, and the ebb of her mother's life was hastened, while the flow into that of the sick daughter's in the lonely Missionary's home, was quickened.

How many mighty accomplishments through the prayers of sainted mothers who pursued "the daily round, the common task" must be contained in the

Divine chronicles to be read from Heaven's platform, before the gathered multitudes, in that grand, but awful day, when all the books are opened! And may the knowledge of their hidden, yet all-prevailing service, inspire us to see that the incense of prayer and praise is ever ascending from the altar of our hearts, and however incessant the whirling wheels of daily circumstances, to go (as in Ezekiel's vision, Ezek. x. 2, 6) in between the wheels, and take the needed fire from between the cherubims for others, as well as for ourselves.

From Shattered Life Plans To Greater Service

Look to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.—Isaiah.

Referring to a former article, entitled "Frustrated Calls to Ministry," we feel, after receiving several letters in response, that there is still need of emphatically reinforcing the thought of direct personal calls to prayer for certain specific fields. When God lays a special country upon our hearts, we need to be careful to know whether that call is to go or to pray. Taking the illustration again from Daniel, we see that in a visible way he had nothing to do with the leading forth of his people from captivity—that was Ezra's commission—and yet Ezra would never have been able to accomplish his gigantic task, if the battle in the heavenlies had not first been fought and won by Daniel, who poured out his prayers and supplications on his face before God. Perhaps it appeared to those of Daniel's countrymen who only judged by outward appearance, that he was not ardently zealous in taking public steps towards the deliverance of his people, but all the while he was having the greater ministry, the greater part, in prayer conflict for their release.

It is important for God's people to see this battle that is going on in the heavenlies, for that was the secret of Daniel's persistence in prayer. He knew that while he prayed, God would work. The Chris-

tian's warfare has always been a spiritual one, (II. Cor. 10:4, 6, and Eph. 6), and always will be, especially in these last days when demon powers are more at work than ever before. Satan knows his time is short, and he will contest every step we take for God; hence our warfare must be in prayer—in persistent prayer—in faithful prayer—in unceasing prayer—in persisting prayer. Jacob realized the fight was in the heavenlies, when he wrestled with the Angel at Jabbok. He was only going to meet an Esau, but at the back of that Esau were unseen powers, which needed to be conquered in Jacob's prayer life. The battle of prayer won the victory. Elisha knew something of this heavenly conflict, but it was necessary that his servant should know it too, that *his* faith fail not; and so to him it was given to see God's hosts, who had come to succor his *praying* prophet. You will remember that Peter had his angel, but it was the prayers of that little company gathered together on Peter's behalf that were effectual enough to cause the Angel to open the prison doors. Are they (the Angels, v. 13) not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation? Heb. 1:14. We find a picture of the conflict in the heavenlies in Eph. 6, and if we have taken our place with Christ in the heavenlies, as we should have done, according to Eph. 1, we know what we ought to be doing up there, ever sharing with Christ in His intercessory work, and receiving from Him the consignment of a portion of the vineyard for faithful prayer, conflict and ministry.

We have the testimony of many Missionaries to the fact that wonderful deliverances from death can be directly traced to the prayers of God's people at home. When Mrs. Stevenson and the writer started for the Congo in the year 1900, God graciously gave them a real prayer-warrior, in the person of dear old Father Rediger who was always regretting the fact that he was too old to go to the heathen. In his younger days he had never heard of foreign missions, and now in advancing years he felt a definite prayer call. He would be awakened every morning early and his first thought was Congo. He would wrestle with God for the only two workers he knew there. He had heard of the many Missionaries' graves, of the deadly climate, of the demoniac powers, of the fearful spiritual attacks and darkness to which the most spirit-filled were subject. He knew, also, that with bodies weakened by the strain of heat and constantly recurring fevers, together with the pressure of overmuch work, the Missionaries would not be able to take up the prayer-battle as those at home, who have not to contend with the difficulties peculiar to those in heathen lands. It was marvellous how God met this brother. He was a simple soul, and had not the teaching we are privileged to have now, on the gifts of God's Spirit, and the power of demons, but he was faithful. Now, how would this brother know what to pray for? In the case of any danger or crisis on the Field, it would take two months for the intelligence to reach the homeland, and by that time it probably would have been too late to begin to pray.

But this was no impediment in the way of our brother. He would have distinct burdens for us. Then several times he would write us about them, and tell us of his prayer conflict; and, wonderful to relate, just when his letter, which had been on its journey two months, arrived, we were passing through the very trials he had penned us two months before, and which he had already met and conquered in prayer. Is this not an instance of spiritual wireless telegraphy, put into operation before Marconi's invention had ever sprung into fame and use; and does not God want that cases like this be multiplied in the crisis stage of Foreign Missionary work? Because he was faithful in the least, God entrusted to him the actual experiences of the missionary on the Field, and he passed through them as vitally as we did. Undoubtedly, he felt them more keenly, for some of the tests which we experienced in our bodies, he was made to feel in his spirit, and spirit-suffering is always keener than physical. When God called him Home, at an age high up in the seventies, we felt we had lost our *most effectual* foreign missionary.

Some of our aged friends and invalids are prone to think that the avenues of usefulness have been closed for them, and that the sooner God takes them Home, the better it would be for those to whom they imagine they are a burden. They forget that just then, when shut in alone with God, they have at their disposal the most powerful and unlimited fields of hidden service—the kind which tells the most. If only we could get all our weak or aged 'shut-ins' to

grasp this thought, and become our effectual partners in the work, we should soon see many a citadel of Satan fall. Psalm XC. 12-16, with emphasis on the 14th verse, intimates that in old age there is still to be a most prolific bringing forth of fruit, 'yea, they shall be fat and flourishing.' And who can better pour out the sympathetic heartfelt prayer, than the one who has suffered; and who can better pray with understanding, than the one who has life's experience behind?

In our day, God is calling aside quiet workers for prayer ministry, and no class of God's children is more misunderstood. We are living in an age of unceasing activity and rush, where feverishness is in the very air we breathe, and in the quietness of the sanctuary one realizes how easily one has been caught in the currents of excessive busy-ness.

The writer has often felt too keenly the pressure of work. During the long time of illness, every day seemed to her a day of grace, in which she might wait before God, and the physical weakness and suffering were far out-weighed by the glorious opportunity of being shut in with God. But this time of prayer ministry, alas! seemed only too short, and one was fairly thrust again into much service; and it seems necessary that God should have a little Gideon's band, who can drink by the way as they run, praying without ceasing, amid the strain and stress of a thousand duties; and God's Spirit teaches one under the pressure of meetings and correspondence, to turn one's whole being into a sanctuary by the Power of God,

and know that every faculty is experimentally on the altar of prayer every moment of the day, even when unconscious of the fact. Yet how often when one has longed for a little quiet corner, and an hour or two of communion, uninterrupted by needy souls who seem to crowd in upon us, God will bring to our minds the 'shut-ins', the hidden groups who were supplying our lack of the privileged hours of waiting upon God, while we were permitted to supply their lack of outward activity, and thus our ministries would blend and make one perfect whole. Of course, this by no means implies that busy Christians are hereby excused and exempt from having their definite seasons of waiting upon God, for no prayer-warrior could take the role of a sponsor for us in our personal fellowship with God. But what we are concerned about in this article is the going into real prayer conflict, for the beating back of Satan, and for the spreading of the Kingdom of God on the earth, and the outpouring of His Spirit; and for this work God assigns to each of us our position and part in the battle. We see this exemplified in the progressive march and the encampments of the children of Israel; for the priests, the Levites, the singers, the warriors, had each their special burdens and positions, and God was careful to emphasize that each individual was to pitch by his own standard. Under what ensign is our appointed place—the priestly responsibility and burden—the Levitical ministry of attendance upon the priests—the march behind the streaming banner of praise—or the rallying round the Simeon standard of prayer? The

prophets, also, each had their distinct appointment—Habakkuk mounted the watchtower, Daniel made his oriental apartment a veritable battle ground, while Ezekiel and Hosea were placed by God before the people, to be signs even in the sacredness of private life; Jeremiah had a heart made to beat with God's, and to feel His sorrow, while Isaiah was called to proclaim the messages of God with passionate appeals, and the ministry of each was a necessary provision for the perfection of the whole. When the first Church was formed, there were those who were specifically set apart for the ministry of the Word and prayer, while others, also filled with the Holy Spirit, were given charge of the business departments. Acts vi. 2-6. The different ministrations of the Church are pictured as the different members of the body see I. Cor. xii.) and in God's economy there is no under-estimation of the ministry given to another brother or sister, however different it may be from our own. Thus, in our own day, the active pioneer missionary is dependent upon the rope-holders of prayer. Peter and John would have been impotent without the prayers of the saints, and the first few chapters of Acts illustrates what a remarkable factor the prayer of the saints was in the up-building of the Church. The only special healing recorded after Pentecost in Chap. iii., bringing with it persecution, inspired the Christians in that wonderful Pentecostal prayer-meeting to pray that God would give them *more* boldness, and that *more* signs and wonders should be done in Christ's name (Acts iv. 29-31),

and immediately we have the record of answered prayer in Chap. v. 12-17, where *multitudes* were healed and *multitudes* added to the church. Here, then, is God's method of multiplication—one display of Divine power multiplied by Holy Ghost prayers brings the answer of multitudes of Divine signs and wonders, with thousands on the church roll.

Cases of remarkable answers to prayer in our own days could be multiplied, and we know of Missionaries whose diaries are replete with wonderful coincidences, where marvelous deliverances from death were contemporaneous with heavy prayer burdens on individuals in the homeland, who were led into prayer conflicts during the very hours when the Missionary was passing through tests, which, humanly speaking, would have cost him his life.

In conclusion, however, we would add an instance gleaned from our Sister Stevenson's experience. When she and another Missionary were returning at one time from the Congo, a fire broke out on board ship at midnight. Great excitement prevailed, and disaster seemed so imminent that the passengers were ordered to supply themselves with life-belts. The life-boats were lowered, and all arrangements were made to save as many lives as possible. But God had been particularly watching over the lives of those two Missionaries. His own two children among the host of ungodly passengers, slept sweetly on mid all the confusion. Wonderful to say, the battle with the flames was won, and against all hope, the ship was saved. The two Missionaries, on going to

breakfast next morning, wondered why some of the passengers looked so pale and weary, others strangely excited, and many were missing from the table. Naturally, they made inquiries, for as the sea had been so calm, they knew that sea-sickness could not be the cause. What a storm of ejaculations these questions gave rise to, for no one on board could believe it were possible for anyone to sleep through such scenes. A few months later, in the course of her missionary travels in the United States, Sister Stevenson lighted upon the secret of this wonderful deliverance, and why God had so kept His hand over them during that terrible night on the ocean. A sister related how one night she was so troubled for these two missionary friends, that she could not sleep. She suffered so intensely that she rose up, fell on her knees, and spent the night in agonizing prayer for them and their safety, although she did not know they were on their way home. When dates were compared, they discovered that the very night of her soul anguish was the night of the fire outbreak, and its miraculous extinction. Had this dear prayer-warrior not obeyed the promptings of the Spirit, what might have been the consequences? Yet she was only a simple little woman, with apparently no opportunities for service. Many, many more instances of like nature can be recorded from the writer's own experiences, but they must be left for another article.

No doubt, Paul felt the importance of these praying saints when he wrote in I. Thess. iii. 8, "For now *we* live, if ye stand fast in the Lord", or when he

admonished the Colossians in Col. iv. 2-4. And if Paul recognized that the length of his life, and the success of his labors, hinged upon the prayers of those who remained in their homes, how much more does the modern Missionary know it? Was Paul in daily perils? So, also, are the pioneer Missionaries among the degrading tribes of Africa, or the infuriated fanatics of the Orient. Did he fight with the beasts at Ephesus? So does every Missionary who proclaims the full Gospel in the darkest places of the earth, even where Satan's seat is. And who is more able to enter into this prayer conflict, and win the battle in the heavenlies as did Jacob, and Moses, Elisha and Daniel—that all-important intense, invisible warfare upon whose issues hang the visible results—than those who feel their call to the field has been frustrated? For if that call to Africa, China, India, or whatever part of the Foreign Field it be, were of God, then beyond the heart and its yearnings must and will always be there, in whatever local spot the actual body is compelled to remain; just as the real mother, obliged to leave home for a time, during her enforced absence lives in spirit at home with her children, and her heart and thoughts, plans and prayers, are all with them, and it would be as impossible to separate her own personal interests from those of her children as to cause a waterfall to flow upwards. So it is with the ones who have the true missionary spirit and call, for their heart is out on the Field, doing heart service, and it is heart service that counts, for “out of the heart are the issues of life.” Surely, Caleb's heart

was in Canaan during those forty years of barred entrance, and when we note how he changed the name of Kirjath Arba, the Mountain of Giants, when the latter were destroyed, into "Hebron," the city of fellowship, can we not read in between the lines, and see him entering into fellowship and partnership with God, in those years of weary wilderness wanderings, as he went into prayer conflict for the destruction of Canaan's giants, and thus those detained servants of God, held back from what they understood was their "promised land," may find that wonderful fellow-relationship and partnership with God and the Missionaries on the Field, as they too enter into prayer conflict for the destruction of the giants of demon-power and sin, and the pulling down of Satan's strongholds in the land of their heart's desire; and in thus co-operating with God, the seemingly shattered life's plans become the unfolding of the eternal purposes of God. And to such as these, every missionary field would say, "We live, if ye stand fast in the Lord."

Missionary Interest In Germany

"Provoke one another unto love and good works."

When we were young we were ordered not to provoke (annoy), but here is a case where we can do it as much as we please. We are sure that our friends in Europe, quite unintentionally perhaps, are giving provocation to many of their Christian brethren in other parts of the world. Probably it is a known fact that especially in Germany and Scandinavia the workingman does not receive the wages which a laborer receives in America, and still the cost of living is not proportionately lower. But, "where there's a will, there's a way," and undoubtedly gifts given with so much effort and sacrifice are bound to be accompanied by the special blessing of God. It must be remembered that many a working man in Germany finds it necessary to have his wife help him in the earning of the daily bread. The many married women working in factories, and taking in laundry or sewing is surprisingly large. We must remember that Germany as a great military nation must impose heavy taxes upon the people for the maintenance of their army and navy, and it is the workingman who suffers most. It has been very striking to me on my missionary journeys in Europe as well as in America that the average American workingman's home would fully answer the purpose of that of the middle class people, who are supposed to be fairly comfortable financially.

This little peep into the social conditions will help our readers to understand more fully what it means for our Congo Inland Mission friends in Europe to raise the grand amount of money which they have done in the past year. "Necessity is the mother of invention," so our young people have devised several means and ways of helping to swell the mission funds. I am sure it will interest you to hear about some of them.

1. The children are eagerly saving the silver paper from chocolate and so forth, and sending it to the Mission Treasurer, who has realized many a mark (25 cents) in the sale of it. It is very interesting to have these little people go round asking friends please to save the silver paper for them that they might have much to send to the Mission.

2. Someone seems to have had quite an inspiration when it occurred to them that the haircombing of the sisters would become a great deal if put into one pile, instead of being burnt. Accordingly a notice was sent to the ladies of different circles, asking them to make a collection of their daily combings. One servant girl, who is very poor and finds it difficult to make ends meet, was delighted to have this prospect of doing something for the Mission. She lost no time in "buttonholing" her friends, and soon the sale of the combed out hair she gathered amounted to six mark. This so encouraged her that she is making quite a business of it, and in course of time her heart will be gladdened at the total raised through cast away hair.

3. Others again are collecting Postage stamps from different countries, and these they sell and give the proceeds to the Mission. In fact, wherever one goes one is asked for a contribution of cancelled stamps, so if any of our young friends at home have some of these to spare they will receive a great welcome at this end.

4. A considerable means of income to the Mission has been raised by the "Lichtbilder verein" (The Magic Lantern Society). We turned many of our Congo photographs into lantern slides, and some of the fine slides were also procured from other societies working on the Congo, especially the Baptist Missionary Society in London. The Missionaries who donated the pictures from which the slides were made, wrote out a description of each picture, which the members of this "Lichtbilder verein" carefully studied, and soon they were out in towns and villages using their spare evenings after working hours or a holiday for Congo demonstration. Besides this, little five-cent booklets were printed containing interesting stories from Africa and sold in these meetings. A most magnificent sum has been made in this way, as many people whose hearts could not be reached through the ear, were touched when actually seeing conditions as they are. A letter describing one of these "Lichtbilder vereins" tours appeared in the German Heilsbote. From this letter you will see that the Lord uses these young people not only for interesting people in Congoland, but also for wedging in the Gospel in such a way that souls have been led to Christ

through these meetings. Certainly God's blessing has been upon these efforts.

We know that in America, many of the farmers give the eggs that the hens lay on Sunday or devote the products of a portion of their land for the Mission field, but it must be remembered the people in Germany have not the extensive land our friends in America fortunately possess.

We notice our letter getting long so we will not explain what is meant by the Missionsmappe. We will close by saying that even some of the people who are more comfortably situated have caught the inspiration of self-sacrifice. In a certain church of which our Sister Schlanzky is a member, it happens quite frequently that when someone has a birthday, instead of having a nice little feast for their friends, which of course involves expense, they use the money in providing a simple meal for the poor, especially to those who were inclined to stay away from the meetings because of their poverty, and at such a gathering of course, these people would hear the Gospel. Others again have been willing to dispense with birthday gifts, making it known to those who generally give them gifts, that they would be happier if the money intended for the presents would be dropped into their missionary barrels. Mr. Bild, the treasurer of the Congo Inland Mission fund in Germany, very often writes us the most touching ways in which money has been offered. Even the little girls as well as the older ones, have formed themselves into working bands and instead of sewing clothing to send to Africa, they knit and stitch

until they have boxes full of useful articles made. Just before Christmas they offer these for sale and not long ago Mr. Bild reported 80 mark realized from the Christmas sale of goods made by the smallest girls, ranging from 6 to 12 years of age. One does not wonder that after a year's allowance for Miss Schlanky had been drawn out of the funds beside the outfit money and many other expenses, there was still in the C. I. M. treasury on the 1st of January, 1914, over \$4,000, and the stream is still flowing. Besides this about 500 mark has been sent to Djoko Punda for the support of boys, to say nothing of other donations which we cannot enumerate. This same stream of sacrifice is beginning to flow in Sweden also, for wherever we have visited circles of people have given us to understand that if they only once have a few of their own young people out on the Mission field, they would be inspired to manifold their past sacrifices.

People must not, however, think by this that our German friends are relying upon a great deal of machinery. On the contrary they are a very spiritual people, and I have seldom met young Christians who spend so much time in secret prayers as well as in prayer gatherings as these young people do. The one secret of it is that their hearts are filled with the love of God, and love *must* pour out itself in sacrifice or else it is not love.

The Story of Ilondo

By the Missionary who knew him

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—Ps. 126, 6.

Ilondo was born in a village on the banks of the Congo. His father and mother had never heard of Jesus; but one day he saw in the hand of a boy who had come on a visit a very mysterious thing called a book. This book told him of God in his own tongue.

A few days later Ilondo appeared at my house. "I wish to learn to read," said he; "I will do any work you give me if you will teach me to read." So Ilondo was sent to help in the brickyard, while at schooltime he pegged away at "A B C" and drank in the gospel stories.

Four months later he stole up my verandah steps, looking very sad.

"Hullo," said I, looking up, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, my father has come to fetch me away; I wanted to learn to read, so that I might teach my own people."

"Well," said I, "that is a great pity. Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, if you would," he answered, "if you would only give me the Gospel by Luke."

I took down a Gospel. "Read," I said, and he slowly spelled out the syllables one by one.

"Why, you see you cannot read."

"No," he sobbed; "but I know the syllables, don't I? If you will give me the book, God will help me to read it."

I broke my rule, and gave him the Gospel, and putting my two hands on the lad's shoulders, prayed God to bless him. So away he went, smiling through his tears.

We heard nothing of Ilondo for some months; but he learned to read, and then gathered a number of lads about him, and taught them also. Then they put their heads together, went off into the forest, and cut some sticks with which to build a "God's House," such as the people were erecting in other villages.

Presently the Government officer arrived upon the scene. "Hullo, what have we here?" he cried. "Pull up those sticks, or there will be trouble. I'll have none of that silly work in this village."

But the boys were doing God's work. He must be honored at all costs. They went on with the building. So a few days later the officer took Ilondo and four of his companions and locked them in a shed used for drying rubber.

Picture the boys in the shed, in almost complete darkness. Were they discouraged? No. In the night they prayed and sang hymns till up started the officer in high wrath. The door was unlocked, and those five little boys were stretched out on the hard ground and soundly thrashed with an awful whip made of twisted hippopotamus hide. Bleeding and sore they were then hurled back into the shed.

What followed is best given in Ilondo's own words. At a gathering of teachers and inquirers which crowded our brick chapel I put him up to speak, and roughly this is what he said:

"My friends, our God is a great God, and He always answers prayer. Let us never forget that. After we were thrashed and thrown back into the prison, what did we do? My companions cried bitterly, but I knew God would help us. So I told them that when I was up here learning to read I heard our Missionary tell a story of two men who long, long ago preached the gospel in a strange town, and they were thrashed and thrown into prison. But they sang and prayed, and God shook the prison and opened the doors. Then I said: 'Let us sing and pray.' So we sang and prayed. Soon we heard the key in the lock, and the officer sent in the black soldier, and he took us one by one and kicked us out, saying, 'Here, get out of this with your singing.'"

As the Missionaries looked into the glowing face of the brave lad, and saw his simple, triumphant faith, they laughed and they cried, and they said to each other: "God forgive us that we have not had faith enough to recognize His answers to our prayers when He has sent them."

Ilondo's schoolhouse is up. He has a flourishing Christian Endeavor Society, a large number of inquirers, and seven have been baptized.

The Working Power of a Dollar in Africa

Clip the wings of thy treasures God-given, and like thy fowl, they cannot fly away, as long as the wings REMAIN clipped.

The shades of night were gathering about the brown mud hut of the tired Missionaries, and glad they were for the much needed rest of the only leisure evening of the week. Suddenly a messenger arrives to tell of a poor sick woman, emaciated from the ravages of pneumonia, who had been carried out into the jungle to die. She and her little baby were to be left to the mercy of hyenas and leopards which frequently disturb the rest of the Missionaries, who thank God for the protection of the little mud hut. But how could they enjoy the evening's rest with visions of the lonely sick woman, terror stricken as she hears the bark of the jackal or the weird laugh of the hyena scenting its prey? Weariness seems to flee at once; a rescue party is formed and with a strong hammock and sturdy carriers, in the dim light of lanterns they go into the byways to rescue one so unmercifully fallen among the thieves of superstition and fear. Even the benighted savage loves his wife too much to cast her out in the hour of her dire need, but that mysterious law of slavish superstition is to him a higher law than the law of love. Is not a disease demon sapping the life of the loved one? Have they not tried to frighten away this demon, and by means of hot irons pierced deep into her flesh provided an exit for the invisible foe? Did he not fail to make his escape through

these punctures at the sound of the beating of drums, clanging of deafening bells and boisterous shouts of the medicine-man? Yea, even when mouthfuls of blood were sucked out of the sick woman's body the disease demon did not take his departure. But go he must or else the whole village will become infested; and since he will not leave the feverish body of the patient the sick one must be cast out in order to rid the town of the evil spirit. Even her nine months' old babe will henceforth be dangerous to the welfare of the whole village, for certainly it must have been drinking in the evil spirit at the mother's breast; so it must go with her.

Thus we find the poor patient, whose strength had given way under the onslaught of disease combined with the hot iron treatment, perpetual bedlams and loss of blood, cast out in the bush with her babe and left to die of exposure or to be eaten alive. Is it any wonder that the shock has unbalanced the woman's mind and we find her a raving maniac? The babe is too weak to cry and can only whine "nana" (mother); but mother no longer responds. Tenderly we lift her into a hammock and she is carried to the missionary-home. Her husband, startled by our fearless contact with a demon-possessed woman, follows at a distance and lovingly clasps the skeleton-babe to his bosom. What will the white people do with it? Perhaps they are in league with the evil spirit and will eat the baby soul?

For lack of room the raving woman is put into the kitchen, where she dies before daybreak. Then follows the oft-repeated story—a motherless babe left on

the hands of the lady Missionaries, as no one would venture to adopt a child who was once committed to "the bush." Superstition forbids such a venture. The baby cried for "nana" night and day. We watched the frail body waste away, as every effort to find food which the stomach would retain failed. Constant vomiting and violent coughing seemed at times too much for the little frame and yet in his very weakness would come the cry, "nana, nana." Poor little Kariuki, sickness and pain seemed nothing to him, but the loss of nana meant everything.

While such trials follow hard upon the many other tasks of the missionary, let us look back for a moment to a scene in a more enlightened land. Loving hands are busy preparing Christmas joys for the loved ones. Happily, their thoughts take flight to the dark land where Christmas is not known. A Christmas box is made up and sent across the waters. Each article of clothing for the naked, preserves from home for the Missionaries and supplies for the mission school and the many sick, is in itself a mine of wealth to the lonely, isolated Missionary. Packed in amidst the various necessities we find a one dollar bottle of malted milk, donated by a brother poor in this world's goods but rich in faith and good works. Carefully we set it away and when baby Kariuki seemed to be in the last stage of starvation the remembrance of the forgotten bottle flashed into our minds. It had started on its long journey from America with many prayers and now, with sighs to God for the baby's life, we resorted to it as our last ray of hope, humanly speak-

ing. Imagine our joy when the first sips of milk stayed with him. How carefully we measured off every spoonful, and how we prayed that God might put the nourishment of a dozen bottles into that one, for it was the only one we had. God answered our prayer and when the empty bottle seemed to haunt us, and we prayerfully turned to the food which but a week before had been refused by the little stomach our joy grew beyond expression as we discovered that the *one* bottle of malted milk had tided our little "bush" baby over the critical point and he was able to retain ordinary baby diet. A life had been saved through the investment of one dollar for God, mixed with faith and prayer.

But was that all? The news of our success spread far and wide. The timid father, too, took courage and became a staunch friend of the missionaries. He left the boy with us to rear and ere long, when in great trouble, came to us. As the women of Africa alone bear the burden of bread winning, a creditor, fearing that the death of Kariuki's mother would forever make it impossible for him to collect a debt which the father owed him had seized his twelve-year-old daughter in payment of the debt. The girl was inconsolable—her mother gone, her little baby brother in the hands of the white people upon whom she looked as spirits, and now she herself in the hands of a brutal creditor who would soon sell her to some man she loathed to be his second or third wife. The saving of the life of Kariuki encouraged the father to pour out his heart to us. Could we not help him to

pay the debt that was holding his girl in slavery? We decided to repeat former methods, and after a "palaver" with his creditor we succeeded in getting the girl by paying the full amount of her father's indebtedness. Of course we set the conditions that she be reared under the influence of the Gospel and that when the time came for her to marry the father would have no right to sell her without her own free will. Dirty, vermin-infested, trembling with fear she entered our house to share with her baby brother and us the joys and burdens of a missionary home in the jungle. God's Spirit soon was at work on this heart and she turned to Christ. In school she made rapid progress after the awakening of the dormant intellectual powers, and now she is the wife of the first boy the writer of these lines trained. He likewise at the time of his acceptance in the mission, was an emaciated, needy chap, but later showed what a transformation the Spirit of God can work in the lives of the most hopeless and benighted of souls. The further outcome of the one dollar donation was the establishment of one of the first Christian families, of which there are now quite a number in this district.

But is this all? Who can measure the extent of the daily influence of these two young lives fully dedicated to God in that intense darkness? The last link of the chain, of which the one dollar offering was the first, has not yet been forged. The chain will reach into eternity and the many links will be counted by *Him* whose eyes ponder all the goings of men.

God's Business Managers

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord and that which he hath given, will He pay Him again.—Proverbs.

In business with and for God. 2 Cor. 6:1; 8:3-6; 9:5-13.

Bread cast upon the waters. Eccl. 11:1.

But the minority of believers have experienced the many surprises God has in store for *all* who risk everything for Him. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God—and *all* these things, food and raiment, shall be *added* unto you" is a command and promise which generally is applied to a small percentage of faith Missionaries and preachers. But that the Lord needs men and women in the secular walks of life, business, professional and laboring classes included, who carry on their daily work *for* God as a means of hastening the expansion of Christ's kingdom, rather than of enriching themselves or laying up capital in store for the next generation, which may *never*, in these last days, need it, is grasped by few. If God could wholly control the finances of money earners and makers, from capitalist to laborer, the *greatest* hindrance to evangelization and hence the greatest hindrance to Christ's speedy coming would at once vanish. God needs financiers as much as He needs Missionaries and when He gets hold of a man or woman who conducts the business with the *one* object of making it serve Christ's interests *more* than his own or his family's, He exhausts the greatest resources of His omnipotence and

grace to back that man when the rainy day or hour of misfortune finds him without the usual layed up fund to resort to. The command: "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God*" as well as its preceding law (compare Matt. 6:19-24 with vs. 33-34) is as plain as the promises accompanying it are unshakable.

This paper is therefore to give examples of the faith life of money makers as *distinguished* from that of Missionaries who step out in faith with no earthly source of income. Their experiences are unique. The writer has experienced miraculous interventions of God as a Missionary with no regular salary; never knowing where or how the next suit of clothing would come; even being forced to start her journey to a meeting she was to conduct without enough to buy the two railroad tickets needed for her companion and self. The only way out was to buy tickets only to a station far enough beyond in proportion to the funds and trusting God enroute to perform a miracle. And He did. Before arriving at the station to which tickets had been purchased, in fact *only* one minute before, God sent money through a stranger who knew nothing of the straitened circumstances, faith being tested to the last possible moment, leaving just enough time to rush into the station to purchase a ticket to our destination. More such Missionary experiences financially as well as with reference to deliverances and results with souls may be related in other connections. But does God thus work for the Missionary business man? May not *all* experience when God becomes a

partner in the business—yea more—when He becomes the *manager*, that, it being *His* business, He also is responsible for its success and *His* as well as *our* share of the proceeds? At this very moment, the writer has experienced a most precious token of God's care about the little things. In order to help an inquiring soul she was obliged to put herself to extra expense and traveling right in the midst of her resting time. This necessitated a stop-over in a hotel for a day or two. All the cheaper rooms being full, she was given a large room with balcony—probably the most expensive room but by no means the most quiet for the amount of praying, thinking and writing she was to do. Not a prayer—but only a *thought* was forthcoming, "*Father* cares". The next morning a very trifling matter took her up to the attic, where she passed by a servant girl's neat little room, and again—only a thought—"that would just suit me—so quiet and isolated." Not even prayer was offered. An hour later the hostess, with many apologies asked if she would not kindly change rooms as the large one was being asked for. Readily consenting, that very little room in the attic was hesitatingly offered and of course accepted at a very much lower rate. *Father always* cares. He never forgets. When the question of giving becomes a habit of life—*committing* also becomes habitual and receiving of His bounties still more so, until a care free life springs out of it, making one young again. See Ps. 103:4-5. It is that all-day and every-day happy life, which can praise when all goes wrong, and when the flour bin is empty

and no money *in sight* (2 Cor. 4:17-18) to refill it.

Let not the reader think that this stage of carefreeness, aside from the care of being always in God's will and faithful to every duty comes easily. It is a matter of practice. It begins in the *secular* sphere. In business, in the daily round of grinding, trying, monotonous duty, at the desk, in the office, in constant contact with unscrupulous business men; in the lawyer's office; mind taken up with stocks and bonds; credits and debits; gains and losses; there in the whirlpool and cesspool of greed and business competition, the faith-life of the future Missionary begins and gets its hardest but most wholesome gymnastics. Your later-to-be Missionary, while still unconscious of God's plan for her life, delighted in money making. It was almost impossible to curb her ambitions for wealth and her passion for knowledge, art, culture, etc. The many air-castle sketches were wisely kept hidden in the inner chambers of her heart. There was, however, One, stronger than she, who began to present *His* claims. All her church work, her many meetings, Sunday school classes—hospital and jail work—done in leisure times, after business hours—did not satisfy that nameless longing after victory over selfishness, ambition and popularity. But the Stronger *One* never grew weary during those years of fluctuations between her better *longings* and her selfish accomplishments. See Isa. 42:3-4; Jer. 18:4. His love won at last. He did not fail nor get discouraged until He had the key to every chamber of her heart—except one. So far His wooing her had cost Him many a hard blow, for

it seemed that she forced Him often to apply the rod of disappointment. Only by shattering her well thought out plans toward a brilliant career both socially and morally, and crushing her natural talents, which, if realized, would ultimately frustrate His plans, could He bring her broken and wholly yielded to His cross. But ah, that one single little chamber was still locked! It was the vault which contained the bank-account—the hard earned savings. She prided herself with giving Him a tenth—more, she argued, than most Christians give. Her pride fiercely resented the idea of emptying oneself—even for *Him* who gave all for her. Oh, how she loved *Him*. How she longed for His hallowed company, His blessing, His mind, His character—but she must admit to herself that she really loved earthly gain more—or else how *could* it *hurt* so to give it up? Could she not keep just *one* thing which she might call *her very own*? Had she not laid down all of life's plans and pleasures? Pride argued that if she used her entire income for His cause, she would disgrace Him, if ever she needed to wear shabby clothing, or accept financial help of anyone or what would be worst of all, to become a burden to others. But if *He* had *charge* of that one remaining chamber, would He permit such a disgrace ever to come upon Himself and her? Had she not the blood-sealed promises of Him whom her soul was now loving passionately? Did He really mean her when He made such promises as Psalm 34:7-10, 37:4 and 25, 55:22, Prov. 11:24-25, Phil. 4:19, etc.? And if He meant her, how can she claim to love Him, when not taking Him at His word?

An honest heart really could not get around such questions. *So His Love Conquered.* All was put into His hand. Henceforth He was to financier every penny. Then followed the first weak steps of faith.

Soon after, three tests came in rapid succession. Test number one threatened to rob her of her entire income. She was head correspondent for a Merchant's Mercantile agency. A business deal was entrusted to her which involved the loss or gain of quite a sum of money, the advantage to be gained coming only through a little distortion of the truth—one of those innocent white lies, commonly in use in that line of business. Several times before, her honesty in dealing with debtors, had brought the displeasure of the manager, but it was necessary to explain that she was laboring first of all to please *One*, who some day would bring hidden things to light. Occasionally some hopeless debtor, who could not be moved through the most pungent threats of law prosecution, would respond at once to one of those prayed through, simple, honest letters written to please *One*, even at the risk of position and influence. Now a crisis came. It was necessary to refuse applying any crooked method for money's sake. A dismissal in disgrace was threatened in case of disobedience. This cut to the quick. How beautiful the tempter painted the future if only a little innocent crook would be used. But the Lion of the Tribe of Judah conquered and our soon-to-be Missionary was looking for her dismissal in a few days. How dark the future looked! Business that year was unusually dull. *But God!* Within 36 hours

omnipotence intervened. Important business matters had called away all the managers suddenly to opposite ends of the country. Not daring to risk the Chicago branch with its many employes with a new person, they were obliged to place the offender in charge for two weeks. Every step—the management of the workers—every letter—was committed to God. He blessed marvelously and upon the return of the first manager not only a nice raise of salary was added but a promotion in other respects. These shrewd men never would have entrusted all to her but for her determination at the risk of all to stand upon truth. Soon after an order for several hundred letters, for a Ladies Missionary Society was carried out in her leisure hours. The Society, deeply grateful for this gratuitous favor, asked that the bill for paper, envelopes and stamps be sent them. But when the writer was about to do so, there was an uneasy pull at her heart. Something said: "Give not only your time but your money." Her nobler womanhood blushed at the thought of presenting a bill to a *Missionary Society*. But her tithes were all exhausted by the many missionary demands of her church and her heart was still clinging to what was laid up for *future* emergencies. A battle was fought and won. She never sent a bill to the Society for material used. Soon after a new dress was needed. She had only the dinner hour in which to make purchases. Seeing a piece of cloth which just suited her, she asked the clerk to wait on her at once. The over-busy clerk kept her waiting until the dinner hour was past, and disappointed, she

returned to her duties with nothing accomplished. But Father was back of this, for He was now in the business and it was *His* gain to work for his child. A few days after she returned to the shop to purchase the coveted goods, but to her dismay it was gone. None other pleased her when suddenly a piece of material was returned by some purchaser—unwanted. It was exactly the piece the writer had coveted, though it had seemed to her a little too high priced, when first she saw it. Imagine her surprise to find that because of its being a cut off piece, the price was reduced *so much* as to amount exactly to the sum paid out for the paper and envelopes given the Missionary Society. Had she succeeded in getting it a few days sooner this would not have been the case. Thus while young in faith God actually let her *see* how *He* really returns what is sacrificed to Him. The third test followed closely. After office hours, a little missionary visit with a deaconess was made in Chicago's slums. It was Saturday afternoon, and pay day. The whole week's wages was in her purse. On the way home, the voice said, "Give the deaconess some money." Again, another voice seemed to warn and say, "You must be more careful with your money." Which was God's voice? To let Him manage, she decided to put her hand into her purse in the dark, trusting God to lead it according to His will, and whatever bill came into her hand first would be given to the Missionary Deaconess. On her arrival home she nervously counted her money, for that week she felt she really *needed* her whole income less the 10%

for God's work. But alas, God had *His* way and had taken the lion's share, for the biggest bill had gone into the hand of the deaconess. A shadow of care rose up. Could she really afford so much? Did she do right in expecting God instead of her common sense to choose? But all her wisdom and common sense had also been put into death that His wisdom might fill the vacuum made. Sunday afternoon following, she was teaching her Sunday School class, when driven by an irresistible passion to attend a meeting held by the faith deaconesses, known for their life of sacrifice and poverty, she left the Sunday School a little before dismissal so as to get there in time. The presence of those deaconesses who were sacrificing *all* for Christ always made her feel so very selfish, that she felt uncomfortable enough to tempt her to take her seat in the most hidden corner near the rear exit of the hall. She came just in time to see the deaconess whom she had accompanied into the slums the day before arise for a testimony. With tears running down her face she told how they and their patients were without wood, coal and food and knew not how or where help would come, except that God never failed them. But late Saturday night a young business woman had pressed enough money into her hand to fill the empty wood and coal bins and pantry. No one knew of the writer's presence, but as the Hallelujahs from that congregation burst forth, the young giver knew that *God* had had *His* chance. From that day forth, the joy that filled her soul repaid all sacrifices; Satan was defeated; God received full control of

every penny and of all belongings besides; giving became a habit too strong and glorious to resist and the contract made has never been broken by God. Each of the first three tests proved to be bread cast upon the waters, *returning* after *few* days. Soon the bread was to be cast out, only to return after *many* days. In the beginning, God let her *see* at once to strengthen her confidence in Him. He wooed her with *sugar* coated pills. Now He permits long dark tunnels of testing, but never once has she lacked, for God the greatest capitalist of all is the manager and His resources are inexhaustible.

We append a few more cases out of other lives. A brother promised God that if He would bless his poor business start, he would never allow himself to own more than \$10,000, as a fund for his old days. God took him at his word. To-day he is making more than that each year—but every dollar goes to God's work and the more he gives, the more he gets.

Another brother, only 24 years of age, after passing his examinations for teacher of chemistry and mathematics, resolved to give half of his salary to his younger brother to keep him in Africa as a medical missionary. Both boys are the sons of a poor preacher who himself was without income. The sons worked their way through college, chopping wood, shoveling snow, serving tables, scrubbing halls, etc. The brother who stays at home will need to live as simply as an ordinary laborer in order to keep the other preaching and healing as his substitute in Africa.

In our own State of Illinois, we were called upon

to give a Missionary address. After the service, a real estate dealer said that a hole was preached into his purse. Not a word had been said about money, but he had heard God's call. He consulted with his family of 10 children how a way could be found to have their own Missionary in Africa. From the oldest to the youngest all were willing for a simpler life, without the luxuries they were accustomed to. Only the mother was worried. Could they really do it? A lady worker was found and sent. Her monthly letters to the family were a much looked for blessing. On our second return from the Field, the first news we heard on reaching his town was that the brother's business had increased so much, that he felt it would pay to send a second Missionary and his wife no longer doubted.

In New York City a cook with a salary of £8 (\$40) a month has her own Missionary on the field. A wash-woman works at her tub denying herself even necessities to send a substitute, incredible as it sounds, and her only regret is that she cannot do more. On one of our missionary trips we were jammed into an overcrowded train over against a delicate looking woman. Not being able to avoid stepping on her toes, our words of apology led into a conversation. As an invalid she had plead with God to let her do something for Him. She promised to give up her fine needle-work and seek employment on her sick-bed which would bring in something for God. She began buying flower seed in bulk and sorted it into small packages. Through this small beginning, she inspired other women to

assist by advertising her small seed packets, which kept increasing, she meanwhile recovering and being restored to her family and husband, a hard working man. Still she carries on her seed business for God, beside her household duties, which, at the time she related her story, realized enough to support 15 native boys, girls and evangelists at the rate of from £3 to £6 (\$15 to \$30) annually each. We have only begun our recital of such noble examples of putting *God first*. Oh, that these were not the exceptions but the rule. If God could succeed in mobilizing the whole church in that way, what blessings would be poured upon it and the world. Christ could not stay away much longer.

Not only along financial lines does God preserve His faithful *partnership responsibilities*, but with reference to soul-winning; victory over disheartening circumstances, guidance, bodily and spiritual healings. A young believer was deeply stirred by a Missionary address. She felt the call to Congo, but she wanted some very definite seals or tokens from God to prove that it was not mere sentiment but a Divine call. As one token, she asked God to let her meet the Missionary whose message had so strongly gripped her. Eventually she learned that the Missionary was ill in Denmark. Her home was in a remote part of Sweden—so there was no hope of journeying to Denmark. Then came an opportunity to accept a valuable post with a family in Russia. She asked for guidance which was given so clearly that she could not mistake God's will—*But*, she argued, "Lord, how can I meet

the Missionary, if, in these war times you take me to Russia, our Missionary will be gone to America or Congo." But she let God choose. Imagine her joy, when most unexpectedly the family decided to spend the summer at a bathing place in southwest Sweden, *near* the abode of the Missionary in Denmark, and ere long, after a test or two, she caught the Missionary *on the wing*, just a day or two before leaving Sweden. How lovingly God had fulfilled His part of the contract, when He got His way with her. The Missionary in turn had already left when the sister and her Russian employers arrived—but was led in a most zig-zag way, entirely against her will and against common sense apparently, to journey southward again, simply to run into two future Congo candidates who had been praying God to send her. Had the Missionary in turn not accepted the expensive interruption of a much needed rest, what blessing would have been missed. But more than that. During her long illness, some nurses became acquainted with the power of the resurrection life. They too began to seek. One blessing led to another, until the Missionary's nurses brought her to the attention of a very wealthy patient, for whom she had been burdened but whom she had not visited because of her great wealth, on account of which she was frequently bored. Now after meeting our sister nurse in the Russian family, the financial need for her training was discussed, when she expressed the wish that a former mistress might be moved to pay her expenses. Upon inquiry, it was our rich fellow sufferer, whose heart

was being prepared during the Missionary's illness. Thus God gave the obedient Congo volunteer a double token and she went on her way rejoicing, knowing that her wealthy mistress of old would be prepared to listen to her story of need with special interest since she had been brought in such near touch with the Mission the nurse was anxious to join. And all this because God had had *His* way. Rom. 11:33. Such are the certainties and blessings of the overcomer's life of full yieldedness and trust in God. Through *such leadings*, faith is being melted and welded unto translation faith. "Nevertheless—when the Son of Man cometh, *shall* He find faith on the earth?" Luke 18:8, "and blessed is she that believed for there shall be a *performance* of those things told her from the Lord."

How Long To Give

"Go break to the needy sweet charity's bread;
For giving is living," the angel said.
"And must I be giving again and again?"
My peevish and pitiless answer ran.
"Oh, no," said the angel, piercing me through,
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

—*Selected.*

Native Orphan and Scholarship Fund

Owing to the change of Mission Fields there has been an interruption in the assigning of scholarships, which friends in the homeland kindly made possible while in East Africa, and many who formerly helped in the education of a number of native boys and girls have been offering to pay for the education of pupils in our Mission Schools on the new Field. Now while it is absolutely necessary to get as many persons as possible to pledge themselves to support Mission Pupils, we find in pioneer work that it is very difficult to assign a special pupil to a particular individual in the homeland.

In the first place, the ignorant heathen do not understand the value of even an elementary schooling for their children. To the raw native books and printed matter consist of a mere conglomeration of foolish markings, which they fail to see will be of any possible practical use in every day life, and it is not until the missionary has labored several years, and the first batch of scholars has completed its schooling and applied the knowledge at home in reading and writing that the parents realize that thoughts and ideas can be transmitted in writing, and that books which they regard with suspicion and even contempt actually contain real words and thoughts!

Thus it happens that the most promising pupils are often taken away from school before the year's scholarship money has been expended on their education. Educators have met with the same disappointment

among the ignorant in civilized countries, and history proves that only after years of continuity do succeeding generations learn to increasingly appreciate the value of education.

Not only where there is a lack of appreciation on the part of parents and "owners" do we lose some of our most promising pupils, but often they are sold away to another district which does not boast the existence of a school, or in the case of girls, they may be sold away as wives after the age of twelve, and be prevented through family duties from continuing at school.

Very often the ravages of sleeping sickness have robbed us of our best pupils, who needed to be isolated until death claimed them as its victims.

All this means that while we have appointed a certain scholar to a friend at home, we must after a time substitute a new pupil to fill the vacancy. To many in the homeland this means confusion and disappointment, as each would like to feel that their particular boy or girl had been a grand success, and to the missionary it means an endless amount of correspondence and explanation, and even then those who are little acquainted with the difficulties of ploughing in hitherto uncultivated soil fail to fully understand and enter into the spirit of it all.

It has therefore been the conviction of the senior missionaries in a number of societies that the friends in the homeland should be encouraged to double the sacrifice brought, by adding to the financial sacrifice the willingness to allow their annual scholarship gift

to go into the general scholarship fund, and be content to receive a list of the names of all the pupils at the Mission Schools. Thus they would have, not only a part in the support and intercession on behalf of one individual, but would have the privilege of helping and upholding in prayer the whole school.

We should be perfectly willing to revise our list of names from time to time, and send them to all those who are supporting a boy on the Field. We shall also try and send little sketches of the office and progress of some of the pupils, and occasional photographs.

Again, some friends like to send little gifts to their particular child while others fail to do so, and this is likely to be a ground of jealousy, and so while the missionary is rejoiced on receiving parcels of gifts for the pupils, it is thought for the good of all they should be put into the general store, and distributed as evenly as possible. Here appended is a list of gifts, which not only the missionaries appreciate, but which make the eyes of our dark little folks sparkle, and cause a display of the brilliant white teeth:—school-bags, copy-books, pencils, pencil-boxes with lock and key, pens, pocket-knives, skates, slate-pencils, belts, suspenders, marbles, boy's strong working shirts, knickers made of duck in khaki color or navy blue, red or blue handkerchiefs, cheap red cotton blankets, Ingersoll \$1.00 watches, a good magic lantern with Bible picture slides, Mother Hubbard dresses with short sleeves and cut out neck for girls. All clothing must be of strong washable material, neither too light, nor too dark, and never black. Plaids and mixed colors do not soil very

quickly and are not too sombre. Do not send shoes, stockings, neck-ties, fancy clothing, or underwear for the natives, as we are striving not to introduce unnecessary articles of clothing which to those living in a hot climate would only be cumbersome. Odd pieces of strong washable material in all colors would always be acceptable.

For Our Dispensary Work: Bandages made of old table or bed linen, and torn into strips from 1 to 3 inches wide, which are joined firmly by French seam and then rolled up very tightly. Malted milk, tinned crackers, pure honey, light breakfast foods, canned fruits and jellies or fruit juices are welcome for our sick among the missionaries. The latter must be packed with care and reported to the shipping agent, so that he can reassure himself that they are packed properly.

Then to continue, it must be remembered that it is the work of spiritually live Missions to transform lives more than to impart knowledge, to Christianize more than to Anglicise by forcing upon the natives those of our customs and ideas without which they are healthier and happier, and which do not help them morally. Therefore we deem it our duty to give the Mission pupils only an elementary education to enable them to read their Bible, and give them access to such Christian literature as the missionaries find time to translate into their language. Should pupils manifest an earnest desire to pursue their study further than the Mission can afford, they will be given an opportunity of earning it for themselves, by a steady practi-

cal application of the elementary knowledge already acquired while filling posts as assistants in Mission Schools and homes, and with State officials and traders. Exceptions to this rule are taken with those who expect to become leaders of their people either as evangelists or teachers, but such ought to be helped in getting further education only *after* they have proved themselves suitable and worthy, while serving a term of several years as helpers on the Mission Station or one of its outposts. The Mission funds are too precious to spend on any who should eventually use the education spent on them for their own selfish ends instead of the evangelization of their own people. We are sure the friends would be only too glad if the boy they support should be of the evangelist class, and would rejoice to help in their training as long as would be necessary for their thorough equipment for God's service.

After the pioneer stage is passed at our Stations, and we have evangelists and teachers to send out into new unevangelized Fields, we shall be happy to assign them to individuals in the homeland for financial support and prayer. This course will also be safer as there will be much more certainty of them remaining permanently in the Mission.

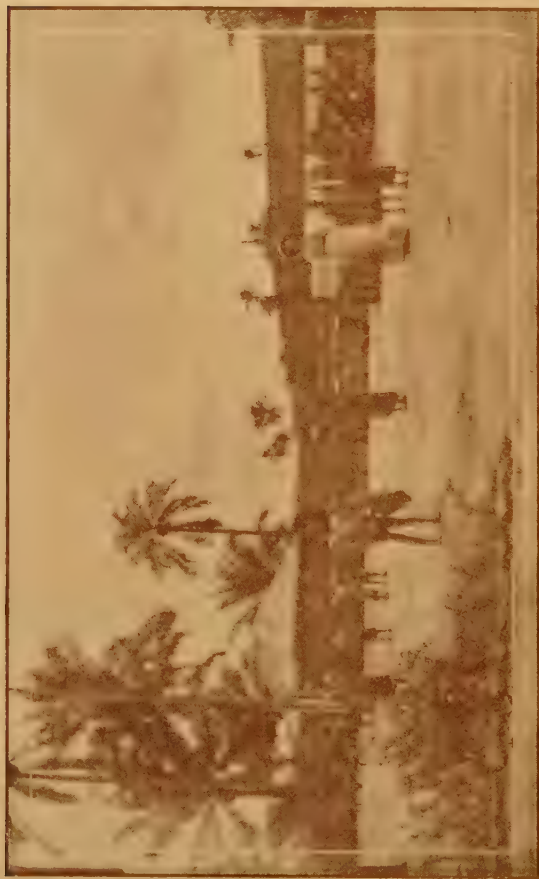
Packages should be shipped to Mr. D. N. Claudon, Meadows, Ill., U. S. A. English friends would please apply to their Secretary, Mr. W. Glassby, Ladyfield, Renold, Bedford, for instructions as to where to ship. With each package three lists giving contents and value of goods sent must be supplied, because of the customs,

two to be sent to the Shipping Secretary, Mr. Clau-
don, and one direct to the missionary on the field
through whom the sender wishes to have the articles
distributed. Such useful articles for Missionaries as
large working and dispensary aprons, kitchen and
face towels, table linen, handkerchiefs, stationery, etc.,
should be designated by sewing on a cloth tag with
name written on each piece or stitched on so as to
insure your friend getting it, as papers merely pinned
on, tear off during the long journey. Donations to-
ward the customs and transport fees will not come
amiss. The Shipping Secretary keeps the packages
until enough have accumulated to make a freight
shipment. Packages should be wrapped several times,
each wrapper having the name of the Missionary for
whom things are intended, except the outer wrapper
which of course is addressed to the shipping agent at
Meadows, Ill. Dresses for the native girls should al-
ways be in one piece, Kimono or Mother Hubbard
style and of the strongest material possible.

*List of Boys at Djoko Punda and Kalamba Mission Stations
Needing Support at Present. February 6th, 1915.*

Tufita	Cimango	Mundela
Kamwana	Muvuasoni	Kalonda
Cilumbai	Katalai	Mivamba
Kanyonga	Fidi	Bumoyo
Citemba	Badibanga	Kahinga Tumba
Luabeyo	Kanuxihi	Mundidi
Mulumba	Mukusa	Kasonga Mule
Mading	Bijamba	Kasaya
	Kamba	

The revival at Kalamba, summer 1915, will of course result
in many new applicants for our schools. Already 3 out-
schools taught by our native senior pupils have been opened
to relieve the congestion.



Our Station Compound

Facts About the Congo Inland Mission

Incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois,
U. S. A.

Headquarters—Meadows, Illinois.



Map of the Belgian Congo

General Secretary and Treasurer: Mr. D. N. Claudon, Meadows, Illinois.

Affiliating Secretaries:

England: Mr. W. Glassby, Ladyfield, Renold, Bedford.

Sweden: Pastor J. Ongman, Oerebro. Pastor J. Byström, Döblensgatan 12, Stockholm.

Norway: Pastor C. M. Seehuus, Skien.

Germany: Mr. Wm. Bild, Promenade 3, Brieg-Breslau.

Holland: Pastor G. R. Polman, 342 Kerkstraat, Amsterdam, Holland.

Africa: Djoko Punda, Kasai, Congo Belge, W. Africa. General address of all Missionaries on the field.

Field Superintendents: Mr. and Mrs. B. Haigh, Djoko Punda, Kasai.

General Representative, Alma E. Doering, Oerebro, Sweden.

Present field staff—twelve Missionaries laboring on two stations.

Missionaries home on furlough—six.

Unprovided for missionary candidates—twenty.

Applicants must furnish credentials from at least two pastors or Mission leaders, of some institution of training and come with the prospect that some church, committee, society or individual takes upon themselves the responsibility of laboring and praying for their support, as a seal of the Divine call.

While well organized effort is necessary to guard the work against costly mistakes and missionaries not adapted to the field and climate, as well as to control the proper distribution of funds, there has been that recognition of the guidance of the Spirit which makes allowance for exception where the *Divine* leadings are

unmistakably clear, and where a crisis necessitated any deviation from set rules. The war having blocked the way for a provided worker, it was necessary to meet the immediate demands on the field for a substitute to send Nurse Meester of Holland, before her support could be guaranteed and she looks direct to God for the supplying of her needs, the prayers and efforts of her church as well as of a deputation worker of the Mission co-operating with her, as far as possible. The unlooked for general opening up of deputation work in European centres, created another exception. In order to be free to co-operate with all believers in the speedy thrusting forth of workers into the field, the Mission's representative in Europe has voluntarily dispensed with the financial aid of her own denomination which had supported her since 1900 and which was the first link toward the formation of the Mission. Prayer is needed for both unprovided and provided workers, as the latter have their support guaranteed only as God sends the funds through voluntary offerings. The Mission advances only as fast as funds are available. It is against the policy of the Mission to incur debt.

The History of the Mission

began in 1895 when the Defenseless Mennonite church sent out their first worker to co-operate with two established Missions working in the lower Congo Free State. On her return to the field she was accompanied by a lady helper, who in turn, during her first furlough won a number of new recruits, supported by

two Mennonite denominations in the United States, which later formed a joint Missionary board. In course of time this parent board was supporting fourteen workers, the majority of whom had come from various other denominations. Before an independent Mission was organized the board had the advantage of having had their workers scattered in three established Missions of Central Africa and working among six various tribes for sixteen years after the first worker had been sent. This long probationary period gives the Mission the opportunity of avoiding the costly mistakes which uninitiated organizations in new fields cannot avoid. Meanwhile the funds contributed to other Missions through the missionaries allowances, scholarships in the Missions schools, support of native evangelists, funds invested in Mission buildings, etc., had amounted to 17,000 dollars (£3400) by 1905, at the time when only two Missionaries were being cared for. Since then this sum has gone up to approximately 50,000 dollars (£10,000) for all of which the present stations have nothing to show, as the fruits thereof are being reaped by other Missions. Yet apart from the remarkable progress of the Mission in the present new pioneer field on the Kasai River, (a southern branch of the Congo River,) after only three years of pioneer labors with all the language and prospecting difficulties, the international, interdenominational and intertribal expansion has been so much beyond our most sanguine expectations that the charitable spirit of liberality toward other Societies has proven to be *Bread Cast Upon the Waters*.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters
(Ecc. 11: 1-6)

In fact the increase in the forces of the Mission in Europe has been so rapid that the Central Board, fearing an unhealthy mushroom growth, or a congestion of too many new workers, stanchd further additions being made until the international, interdenominational policy was proven to be consistent with the best interests of the work. This Divinely wrought inflow of applicants from various Evangelical camps and many countries made the formation of sub-committees in each country an absolute necessity. It is the duty of all co-operating agencies to guarantee the recommendation of only such applicants who can give proof of a Divine Call to the field; adaptiveness for the work; a record of soul winning; of a life of prayer and victory over sin and a ministry which reveals the power of the Holy Spirit. In an uncivilized land, missionaries must be willing to do any kind of work assigned them, of the most menial nature; must be resourceful and willing to sacrifice all the comforts if not some of the necessities of life. These are requisites which should be required in addition to as much all around training as possible. Applicants should apply through the secretary of the committee of their own country.

The Mission stands for the Divine inspiration of the whole Bible; salvation from the guilt and power of sin through faith in the atonement of Christ followed by water baptism. Unity in the essentials of

the Christian faith is emphasized, liberty in non-essentials and charity in everything.

Its policy is to enter only such fields as are unoccupied by other Evangelical Missions. The present field allotted the Mission includes the evangelization of several tribes and the addition of a number of stations. Already the planting of a third station is being planned. The first native church, comprising 12 native Christians, was established early in 1915. The daily attendance at the Kalamba Mission School was 120 while the station was still undermanned, and on Sundays 200. At Djoko Punda about 70 pupils are reported.*

The people having no written language and no schools, it is necessary to establish day schools in which hopeful young men are trained as teachers and evangelists, who go out to instruct their own people. Thus each Mission station, manned with a force of about five or six Missionaries, including a nurse, school teacher and industrial Missionary, should be the centre of a large number of outschools taught by native teachers, thus enabling the Mission to scatter their Missionaries over a large area. The boys are permitted to earn a little of their schooling by assisting the Missionaries in the erection of the buildings, planting of fields and gardens to supply the food for orphans and pupils and thus giving opportunity to train heart and mind as well as the hand in the neces-

*At time of writing Kalamba station was having a revival in which 72 natives, among them the chief's sister, came into the fold of Christ. The revival was still in progress at this writing.

sary formation of habits of industry. The great end of the Mission must be to make the work self-supporting as far as the expense of native workers is concerned. But this in its pioneer stages is impossible. It costs £4 (\$20) a year to educate a pupil and approximately £6 to £8 (\$30 to \$40) to provide for a native evangelist or teacher. *Until* such teachers can be trained, funds are *most* needed for the erection of suitable school houses and dormitories for those who live far from the station.

Owing to the climatic disadvantages, and the lack of good living houses, until such can be built, which in a country that knows no skilled labor, no machinery, no means of transportation except the backs of natives, takes a long time, the time of service on the field is from three to five years according to the endurance of the individual.

The costs of a Missionary to the board, simple living expenses and transportation charges on provisions and personal effects into the interior, as well as customs, would be about £80 (\$400) annually. Anyone wishing to undertake the support of a worker can pay this in quarterly installments, in advance. For journey to Djoko Punda from New York £60 (\$300) to £70 (\$350) according to amount of luggage, the prices also varying during war times.

Funds may be sent to any of the Secretaries mentioned, or through accredited Missionaries as may most inspire the confidence of the donator as to the actual proper investment of the offering. Every effort is made to use funds as designated, except where a

certain branch of the work suffers while another is over provided for, the field staff must reserve the power to supply the most urgent needs. Undesignated offerings, it is hoped, will forestall the occurrence of a transfer of stipulated money from one fund to another.

It is not the policy of the Mission to harass friends with many appeals, but for the intelligent co-operation of prayer bands and individuals, a modest statement of actual needs is unavoidable.

Friends wishing to keep in touch with the work may do so by enlisting in the *General Letter Group*, who receive a general report sent out by the undersigned, or by reading the official organs of any of the Mission and its associate European centres.

Remittances sent through European agencies or representatives should be sent per draft drawn on New York.

As Miss Doering is residing in Europe and later in Congo, all letters to her must have 5-cent stamp.

His Way Is Best

His way is best.

How long I spent in learning
'Twas only for my highest good He planned,
And all the while His loving heart was yearning
That He might gently lead me by the hand,
And end unrest.

His way is best.

I cease from needless scheming,
And leave the ruling of my life to Him,
And will be well, though now all wrong 'tis seeming
And will be clear what now to me is dim,
So I am blest.

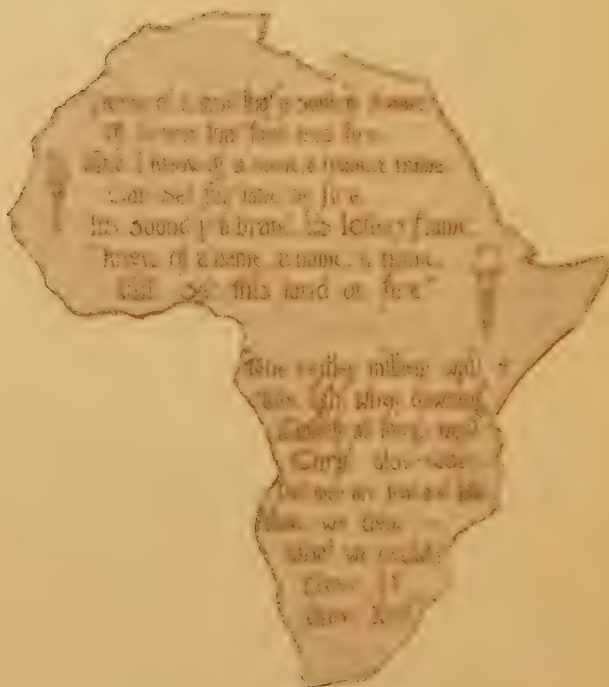
His way is best.

I may not know the reason
Of all the darkness I am passing through;
But this I know, that every testing season
He makes a blessing, if to Him I'm true,
And so I rest.

His way is best.

When I shall cross the river,
And see my King, my Saviour, face to face,
I'll praise His name forever and forever
For all the way He led, for all the grace
With which He blessed.

—Selected.



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